

DIALOGUE WITH SIDNEY POITIER

A HARD-NOSED PLEA
FOR HARD-CORE PORNOGRAPHY

VISIT TO GAMBLER'S ANONYMOUS

ESCAPADE IN ITALY:
GLASS, G.T.'S & GALS



ESCAPADE

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ESCAPADE'S TWIN PIN-UP FEATURE

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"I can tell you're a real gentleman, Mr. Brant. You kept your jacket on."

largeness was all out of proportion—his waist was very high so that it appeared that he had no chest at all and came to nearly his armpits; he had a very large, round behind. In school he had been called Hippy because of that behind by the other boys; that abnormally fat, round behind was his one weakness, the one thing he saw in himself as aberrant. He was secretly and immensely ashamed of it.

But he was not nearly as inebriated as he pretended; he watched his mother as she moved about the kitchen with secret, cunning eyes. She had once been beautiful, he remembered, but now at fifty-two her small, neat figure had re-defined itself into the squat, short body he saw moving heavily before him. She had been inordinately vain of her beauty and youth until recent years, and then suddenly, it seemed almost before his eyes, she was old. She was very nervous, and smoked almost continually, three packs a day at least, and each night before going to bed she took three aspirins and drank two quarts of beer and took a bath; otherwise she would not have been able to sleep. She bathed two, three, sometimes four times a day, each time for an hour or more in the bathroom, and this, in a subtle and insidious way, was the thing that most irritated him about her.

She stood even now before the stove with a cigarette in her hand, lading his three scrambled eggs and bacon on his plate. Finally she came to the table with his plate and sat across from him while he ate, drinking her black, sugarless coffee and smoking. "Robert," she said finally, "how's your girlfriend—the one you used to go with who was a secretary; the one you never brought home to meet me?" She eyed him suspiciously above her poised cup, intent upon detecting some betrayal. She wanted to say, *Why do you lie to me about these things, Robert?* He never brought home the women and girls he said he had gone with over the last ten years for the simple reason that they did not exist; but the invention of the letters was something new, and she was a little frightened.

But instead of answering her he asked, "Is my costume here?"

"Yes," she said with a hardly perceptible grimace of distaste. "It's on the hall table, but I don't see why you want to go as that."

He shrugged, absorbed with his food. "I have to go as something," he stopped long enough to say. "After all, it is a costume dance."

"Yes," she said suddenly, almost hysterically, waving her cigarette across the table. Robert looked. In the middle of what was left of his scrambled eggs was a large piece of ash from the cigarette, like some dead black eye looking up at him from the wrinkled yellow face of the eggs. He pushed the plate away wearily. Through all of this she had been talking still, looking down at the ash and eggs with an abstracted interest that told him she saw it, but that it had not registered yet in her mind. "Yes," she had said, "but that. I don't understand why it has to be that. A gaucho, yes, a skeleton or Charlie Chaplin or Mickey Mouse or some damn reasonable thing. But that!" It was evident that even the thought of that horrified her.

This time he answered resignedly, with the sort of condescending patience one employs in instructing particularly dull children. "I'm not the gaucho type; too tall for Charlie Chaplin or Mickey Mouse; too fat for a skeleton. Besides—"

"You could be a tall Charlie Chaplin or Mickey Mouse," she interrupted shrilly, nervously, and with that same hysteria, "or a fat skeleton." She thought a moment, then added, a little abstractedly again, "Or something, just something reasonable and not so damn idiotically crazy."

"Besides," he continued, as if she had not interrupted him at all, "I like it."

"You like it," she said very softly. Then, to herself, "He likes it." Her son had always been strange, she thought; perhaps the strangest son any woman had ever had, baring actual lunatics. *He is like his father*, she thought with grim satisfaction. She sat with her mouth compressed into a tight, hard line, glaring off across the kitchen. It gave her an actual satisfaction to think that he was like his neurotic, dreaming father who had left twenty years before. She could not punish that man now—although it had been practically her only thought for all that time—but the comfort now was in the thought that there was a sort of perpetuity of punishment. This punishment had now been inflicted upon the son. Satisfied, she looked back at him and said, "But you still haven't answered my question."

"What question?" He was running his finger across his moustache with obvious satisfaction and sensual pleasure. He had grown it only a year before; it was not much of a moustache—a small, thin one that gave his large, florid face a ridiculous appearance.

She sighed emphatically, then slid into words so deftly that they appeared almost the actual expulsion of that breath: "The question, to wit, of what happened to the girl, the secretary, what's-her-name?"

"Oh," he was still fingering the moustache, the moustache she hated more than anything in her life; the moustache that made her want to scream, an anguished and incontinent wail of all the horror and outrage and rutted misery of her life. "Oh," he said again very softly, and he looked up at her with those cunning little eyes that were too small for his face. "I stopped seeing her. I have someone else now." And he threw her a quick look then, almost visible as it flew across to her in the gray, sunless kitchen. The look was intended to discover if she had recognized and assimilated the implication of his words; she had.

What she did not know, however, was that now there was really a girl, a live, waiting girl for the first and only time, and of whom he was almost certain. When he was certain, tonight, at the costume dance at The Trueheart Friendship Club, then next week he would write another, final letter. In that letter he would finish off his imaginary lover. With the satisfaction of a master story-teller who has discovered that one twist which brings life to his work, he had decided to have her die from the abortion. He leaned back happily in his chair.

"Yes," he said, dabbing daintily at his mouth with his napkin and smiling positively for the first time that morning. "I have someone else now."

She did not comment. She glared at him from behind the profuse and billowing clouds of her cigarette smoke like some carved stone figure, fiercely silent.

Over twenty years ago they had sat in the parlor of the small house, mother and son.

"Now, Robert," she had said, "we're alone in the world, just the two of us. Since your father has—" She had paused there, attempting to find the proper expression to fit her mood. She had not wanted to be too harsh, possibly warp the boy with too invidious a picture of the father who had deserted them; however, her intense, maniacal desire had been to do just that. In fact, if Robert had been a girl, and a little older, she would have damned all men to her as an immolation to her suffering. She had said instead, "Since your father has seen fit to leave us and go elsewhere, it is just the two of us now, you and I."

Robert had sat on the edge of the chair in the gray, depressing parlor. The furniture, the couch and the over-

(turn page)

stuffed chairs and the long-neck floor lamp with the silver tassels had become imaginary animals to him, and he had been a little comforted, and a little uneasy, at their attentive presence at this discussion. "Will he never come back?" he had asked, a little too precisely for a twelve-year-old, and he had seen her wince.

"Never," she had said.

Robert stood beside his friend, his only friend, Morgan, at the water fountain of Woodrow, Haley & Chase. Morgan was about Robert's age, but half his size. For a little man he drank more water than anyone Robert had ever seen. Robert even had a grudging admiration for the little man's capacity; he was at the fountain at least ten times a day, and even now, as he talked, he stood upon tip-toes above the spout of water from the fountain and punctuated his sentences with long, strenuous, solemn gulps. With fascination, Robert watched his large Adam's apple bobbing as he took in a last long gulp. Then he wiped his mouth with a clean white handkerchief from his hip pocket.

"There'll be lots of girls there tonight," Morgan said. "And the good part about it is you can be masked, see? That way if you want to fool around or something you know? Like get a little feel or something no one knows who it is. You understand?"

Robert nodded. He was always fascinated by his friend's elliptical little speeches; he traced them in his mind with loving care.

They had been away from their desks for over ten minutes, and Robert started nervously to turn around and go back, but Morgan turned and went up on his toes again and started gulping in the water with a sort of grim passion. Between gulps he turned his face sideways and spoke up to Robert. "You gonna dance with that girl Heien-what's-her-name? You know? The skinny one? The one you danced with so much last week? You gonna dance with her?" Robert nodded, but Morgan was drinking again. When he turned to Robert it was a full minute later. He asked, "You stuck on her?" Robert nodded again. "Boy, you stuck on her. I mean, she's a nice, quiet type, you know what I mean? But I didn't know you was stuck on her. Boy." This time he didn't even drink, so profound was the effect this had upon him. Then, "Whatta' you coming as? I mean, costume. What kinds' costume you comin' as?"

"An elephant," Robert said.

"A what?"

"An elephant," Robert repeated.

Morgan eased onto the flats of his feet; the expression on his face was almost dreamy. "Whatta' you know?" he mused. "A elephant. I mean who ever woulda' thought of it? I mean I'm coming as Superman and I thought who ever woulda' thought of it. But a elephant! Who ever woulda' thought of that?"

At exactly eight-thirty that evening an elephant named Robert Blessing lumbered with heavy breaths up the brightly lighted stairs of The Trueheart Friendship Club. Cradled in its right hand it carried its long-nosed and tusked head; it had a thin little moustache, and on its face was an expression of childlike anticipation.

He paid his dollar-fifty at the entrance desk and was given his badge and the possibility of a smile from the harlequin girl behind the table. He went into the ballroom.

But his hopes deserted him, and the transformation registered with anguish upon his face. He seemed to deflate suddenly, as if he had been pumped up and now was released of air, so that a pimply Tarzan and a Rajah with

(Continued on page 22)

IT'S A HARD ROUTE TO STARDOM

"I was used, abused, and brutalized."

There is an astonishing lack of bitterness in Sidney Poitier's voice. He stands at the top of his profession today, but the shocks of his struggle are still vivid. As he talks, his tall, lean body hunches, and the handsome face grows taut against the memory of past humiliations.

Few men have reached a more improbable success than this 40-year-old West Indian—now hailed as the next great Othello. Other Negro stars are singers, musicians, dancers, comics and, only in-

cidental actors. Poitier is an actor only, with none of the traditional blackface skills. But what an actor! He is the first of his race to become a box-office draw on the basis of that ability alone, a star, a leading man whose image is romantic and magnetic.

On the night of April 13th, 1964, he made motion picture history. For his portrayal in *Lilies of the Field* of an itinerant construction worker who builds a chapel in the Southwest for refugee nuns, Poitier became the first Negro to win an Oscar

PROFILE OF AN AMERICAN ACTOR



FOR ANYONE, EVEN HARDER FOR SIDNEY POITIER. BY MARK SUFRIN

for best performance by an actor. He received the wild-est ovation in the 36-year history of Academy Awards. A broad smile on his face, striding gracefully to the stage, Poitier had to fight to control himself.

"I felt I had to keep my wits about me or pass out . . . I was wandering close to tears. That's why I spoke so slowly. When you're that close to breaking down, the slightest thing could push you over the edge."

And when he spoke, it was short and more soberly to the point than most

people knew:

"It has been a long journey to this moment . . ."

Poitier's career is the coincidence of courage, appalling cheek and immense talent, achieved in a time of leaping social gains for the Negro. Despite his disinterest in social crusaders and political labels, he recognizes that he is helping to change the contemporary image of his race. He is a mature artist shunning that hated crudity: the self-mocking caricature of the Negro.

No man ever began a theatrical career against greater

odds, or, paradoxically, with more in his favor. He had nerve ("Don't ever tell me I can't do something, because I will certainly do it"), drive, imagination, a muscular body and fierce grace, and a face which is very African, but doesn't violate the Caucasian's parochial standard of handsomeness. His personality is kinetic. Even when he sits, one senses the leap and lunge in the man. And he can tap his impulses more directly than any actor in the world.

But the climb to stardom is wearying for any actor, of

any color. For Poitier there were the almost insuperable obstacles of his black skin and lilting West Indian accent. Like Othello—"I only vaguely and romantically dreamed about playing the part. Now I think I'm ready and will probably do it next year in England")—Poitier, from early life, was "steeped in poverty to the very lips . . . a figure of scorn."

He was born in 1924, the last of eight children of a tomato farmer, and grew up on Cat Island in the Bahamas. Poitier was sent into the fields (continued on page 19)



HER NAME IS ISA,
AND HER GRAND-
FATHER'S ONE OF
SOUTH AMERICA'S
LEADING MISSILE
SCIENTISTS. ONE
OF HER FAVORITE
PASTIMES IS TO
VISIT THE BASE,
WHERE SHE LOVES
TO WATCH AS THE
ROCKETS NOISILY

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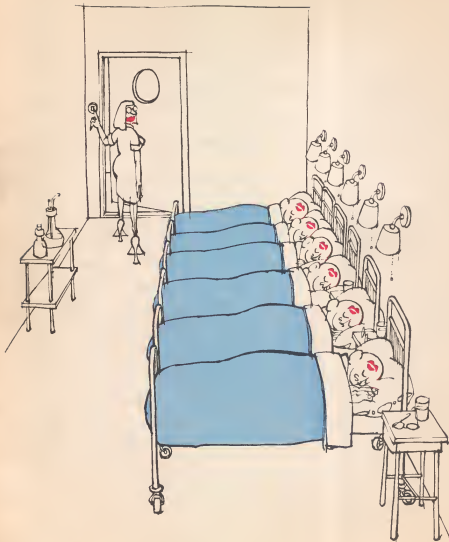
BLAST OFF. IT'S
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Yrion

when only a child. But in 1935, the produce market ruined by the depression and the father sick with arthritis, the family moved to Nassau, broke. Poirier had his first contact with schooling at 11, but it was casual and transient. Hating the restriction, he quit the next year and went to work swinging a pick and shovel.

"From that moment," he says, "I had to make decisions for myself in terms of life and death."

In 1943, after years of grinding physical labor and a few prankish encounters with the local constables, he was shipped to a married brother in Miami who offered shelter, but couldn't afford to feed him. Burdened with a thick accent almost unintelligible to Americans, he found a job as drugstore delivery boy.

He was nineteen, uneducated, bewildered, and impudent. There was a color line in Nassau, but it had no demoralizing effect on a back-country kid from a tiny island who rarely moved beyond his closed native society. His contacts with white people had been random, remote and innocent. But in Miami he was hung headlong against the shattering prejudice of a white world:

"I hated Miami. For the first time I discovered barbed wire everywhere. I experienced tremendous loneliness and realized I couldn't trust anybody. People were hostile and sometimes brutal. At that age—" he pauses as if amazed at the cruelties, and his own survival despite it, "my life was full of frustration and confusion."

One of his first deliveries for the store was far from the center of town, and he tried to hitch a ride back. Six burly white cops were riding in the first car he flagged. The recollection stimulates one of Poirier's sardonic drawls:

"Oh, they had fun with me. I want to tell you, they *haaaad* *funnnnn*. They put a pistol to my head and kept saying, 'Now where in hell should we shoot our blackie, in the left eye or the right eye, huh?' And then they just talked about the weather for ten minutes—but that pistol was still against my head. Then they said, 'Walk, but don't look back, you black bastard.' I walked and—*dig now*—they kept riding alongside me and laughing for half an hour. I probably was afraid. But I don't remember being afraid. All I remember is being angry."

There were other incidents and Poirier, too proud and unbound to submit, decided to go north. The gnawing hell of insult, near-starvation and menial jobs over the years could easily have crippled his spirit. But Poirier's strength, integrity and compassion are a miracle. An intelligent, sensitive kid, but raw and unshaped, his battering fight to resist being brutalized was an act of sheer will. He never responded to hate with hate or suffocated in self-pity. And if he was angry—it was usually at his own shortcomings. It was to be a long struggle, not merely for recognition as an actor, but to survive and salvage his own personality.

That first experience in the American South cut deep and it made him a man with consuming ambition. Even after he won his first Academy nomination for *The Defiant Ones* in 1959, and was earning big money, Poirier was a driven man:

"I try to do and say nothing that might be a step backward. You don't reach a point that seemed unattainable a few years ago and stop because you can get your grits and a roof over your head. I want for my reach to exceed my grasp . . . I want to be extraordinary."

In 1943, Poirier rode the freights north, and reached New York with \$1.50 in his pocket. He headed for Times Square, and like the classic country bumpkin had his suitcase stolen the moment he set it down to get his bearings. A Negro man told him to go to Harlem, but he couldn't

afford a room. He took the subway back to Broadway and walked around, stupefied by the noise and people. That same night he got a job as dishwasher in the Turf restaurant, earned \$3, and slept in a pay toilet in a bus terminal. For a while it was his regular bedroom and bath, and when the weather turned warm he slept on a roof across from the Capitol Theater on Broadway.

He graduated to a 53-a-week room in Harlem and decided to enlist in the Army. His first—and last—assignment was at a Veteran's Hospital on Long Island, where an all-Negro company tended psychiatric patients. He couldn't stand the depressing place, the discipline, the baiting of the men in his own company because of his accent and naiveté, and suffered a bad case of nervous fatigue. Discharged, he returned to New York.

Still prey to his own restlessness and the hazards of scrubby jobs, he continued to flounder. Never aware of any positive ambitions, he was conscious only of a nagging dissatisfaction. He developed a marvelous flair for day-dreaming while he was bending his back at work. When he awoke on Sunday, he could remember all the fantasies but nothing he'd actually done during the week.

For eleven years—until his earnings as an actor gave him financial security—Poirier was one of the mass of faceless, unskilled men who do the city's dirty work. He didn't miss a dreary trick: ditchdigger, longshoreman, warehouse and construction laborer, chicken-flicker at the Waldorf-Astoria, carpenter's helper, waterfront guard, grocery clerk, gas-station attendant, short-order cook, and hand-truck shuttler in the garment district.

Boldly, inexplicably, reaching beyond his history, his unhappiness, Poirier changed his life—with a single, impulsive act. He answered an ad for actors placed by the American Negro Theater. For the first time, something probed his deep spring of imagination. But it was a pitiful gesture. He was desperate, looking for a way out. He says that if he had understood his brash ignorance, he never would have gone.

"I was still terribly self-conscious of my accent. I had never seen a play, read one, or had any concept of what being an actor means—or especially had the desire to be one. I had simply tried so many things and was so troubled, I thought I'd give this a shake. I was even ashamed in front of the Negroes there. They were educated, fast, hip . . ."

His audition was a farce. Frederick O'Neal, the director, now one of his closest friends and with whom, in appropriate irony, he later appeared on the stage and in films, listened to Poirier's fumbling attempts, his impossible accent, and told him gently but as firmly as possible to "Go home and forget it." Suddenly, everything about himself became painfully obvious. But it was a humiliation, and therefore it gave him a mission.

"That was my day of decision," Poirier recalls. "I was embarrassed, mortified, but most of all frightened, because my frailties, my deficiencies, everything on the debit side of my ledger became crystal clear. I was determined to get rid of that accent and to show that man I could become an actor in no time."

He bought a small radio and spent hours every day parroting the announcers' voices. He read greedily, not for content, but to learn new words which he pronounced laboriously, syllable by syllable. After a few months he felt ready and returned to ANT for another audition. His accent, no longer preposterous, was still strong. He had to read something and still had no notion of buying or borrowing a play script. Instead he learned by heart a purple love scene from a "true confessions" magazine, which he intoned like a man giving a spiel for beer. It was another

(turn page)

The Five W's

A few weeks ago, after hearing a divorce case in which the wife admitted to eleven lovers, the judge rendered a generous decision in strict keeping with the giving mood of the approaching Christmas holidays.

He granted the woman \$135 per week alimony, seemingly stiff, but with a quality of Yuletide mercy about it. Plaintiff husband did not have to make his first payment till January 1, the New Year, several weeks hence.

The man's attorney protested, reminding the bench that the woman was, after all, the one who'd been sleeping around. He pointed out that there were no children to support. She already earned \$150 per week herself. And he finally argued, the husband's take-home after taxes was only \$139.82 to begin with.

"The arithmetic is simple," the lawyer said. "How can this man live on \$4.82 a week? Actually, as injured party, he shouldn't have to pay anything."

To which the jurist replied, "Counselor, I'm being Santa Claus by letting him off the hook till the first of the year. We watch out for women in this state, and he's lucky he doesn't start paying the minute he steps outside."

During the weeks since, His Honor has received much disturbing criticism for his ruling. Divorce lawyers representing husbands seek postponements whenever he sits on the bench. Reporters call him "The Housewives' Friend." And from some anonymous person he also received a gift-wrapped necktie box containing a clothesline noose and a Yule card addressed to: "The Hanging Judge—From an AXE-Husband."

So then, the time has come for someone to stand and make a brief in this judge's defense.

To begin with, everyone knows the divorced man is different from other men, so he requires different treatment.

He's lax and has no sense of responsibility. He stays up till all hours, singing and dancing and drinking and gambling away money that should rightfully go to some wife and children somewhere. Then he'll come to work hushed but expecting to be paid anyway.

Some divorced men will try to spoof you into believing they're really fagged because they're driving cabs all night to pay some astronomical alimony. But anyone with the brains God gave grapes can see this is just manifestation of another divorced man trait we all recognize, namely, his constitutional incapability to speak truth.

When he's not out rake-helling, the divorced man is rake-helling at home. "Just having a few friends over for drinks," he'll explain. From the laughter and glee tinkle, however, it's plain he's having no orgy.

Of course, not every divorced man is sneaky. There are good divorced men as well as bad. But these good ones

we few and we proud know it only too well, a fact for which we should all be grateful.

If he were really a mature, thinking person, he'd know his place in society. He'd see he's got no reason to be partying, nor does he have the right.

To go on, everyone knows one of two things happens when the divorced man moves in next door. If he's the pushy, friendly kind, why next thing he's asking your wife for a cup of sugar and calling her, and sometimes you, by first name. Then soon he wants to know whether other houses in the neighborhood are for sale. He says he has a divorced buddy, a cultured airline vice president who's marrying again and thinks his new bride would just love the neighborhood.

If he's the militant, sullen kind, chances are he lives alone in an apartment. He has other divorced men in for cards, but he never invites you. If he happens to have his children living with him, he tells you to mind your own business when you invite them into your kitchen for cookies and milk and ask why their mother doesn't live with them.

No matter what kind he is, though, pretty soon real estate values plummet and the area goes to the dogs. Anybody who doubts this truth need only look at the Upper East Side brownstone townhouse area of Manhattan to see what happens when divorced men get a toehold in a neighborhood. Jaguars are double-parked everywhere.

So then, it's pretty easy to see the wisdom in the judge's decision. At first, \$135 out of \$139.82 may seem a stiff rap, but think about it. It's the only sensible way to keep the divorced man in his place. Keep him broke and you don't have to worry about him ever having enough to afford the same pleasures you do, or having a house or apartment next door to yours. Of course, he's got to have fun and live somewhere, but why your neighborhood?

A little poverty is good for the divorced man. There's nothing like a double work shift to remind a man that he's not entitled to the privileges that some of the rest of us are. After all, there must be something inferior about a man whose wife has to be unfaithful with eleven others.

It's plain the divorced man is like a child, not yet ready to take his place in the world of men. And when he behaves like a child, you punish him as you would a child.

None of this is to say you shouldn't associate with the divorced man, the good divorced man, anyway. Why, some of your best friends are probably divorced men.

But before you carry it too far, always ask yourself:

"Would you want your sister to marry one?"
* Wha, next thing you know, he'll be demanding the same rights before law that women have

By R. G. *

fiasco, but a wartime shortage of male talent gave him his chance on a trial basis. After six months, he was dropped as hopeless.

But persistent devils were prodding the now fanatic Poitier. He begged to stay on, offering to work as janitor at the American Negro Theater's school in exchange for lessons.

Today, his big-cat grace, explosive force, and vast emotional range are a delight for audiences, but as a student, Poitier was plagued with inhibitions and awkwardness. His improvement was slow, but he began to project some hint of that coiled intensity. He couldn't get a part in the student productions, but managed to win the role of understudy for Harry Belafonte, a fellow student, in one play. Filling in during rehearsal, he was spotted by a visiting director, James Light, casting for an all-Negro version of *Lysistrata*. Poitier was hired at \$75 a week. The show folded after four performances. But he had been booked. The theater was to be his life—or his life was nothing.

"I had just twelve lines, and the truth is I was sensational because I was scared to death—and that's exactly what the part of Polydorus called for."

For two years, in New York and on the road, he appeared in *Anna Lucasta*. He was then offered the juvenile lead in a stage musical, *Lost in the Stars*, and, in the same week, a good movie role. He was suspicious of any future for himself in films, but he'd been offered only \$150 a week for the musical. The film money was five times that amount.

His agent bargained with the stage producers, using the Hollywood offer as a lever. They figured it to be a typical agent maneuver and told him flatly, "If you got it—take it!" And Poitier did—to their everlasting regret. Out of such petty spites and misunderstandings, show business legends are made.

It took only that first film, *No Way Out*, to catapult him from obscurity. Then in 1950, he was ironically cast in *Cry the Beloved Country*, from which book the ill-fated stage musical had been adapted. His notices were excellent, but acting, at best, is a hazardous profession. Poitier had a long, fallow period. He was married, with a growing family, and had to work on a construction gang between roles to support them. With a friend, he opened a restaurant in Harlem and "a branch" in Queens, featuring his "secret Caribbean barbecue sauce." Unfortunately, the sauce remained too secret and the business failed in 1954.

But by this time, Poitier, electrifying audiences and critics alike with his savage power, vitality and fresh dimension of understanding in a succession of films, was rapidly becoming established. He raised his price to \$150,000 per picture and acquired a fourteen-room house in Mount Vernon, New York, a psychoanalyst, a golf addiction, a transient ulcer, and a tax accountant.

In 1958, and in his twelfth film, *The Defiant Ones*, for which he won an Academy best actor nomination (first of his race), Poitier's radiant performance made him the kind of box-office smash that gives Hollywood producers a sharp tug at the heart. Once and for all, Poitier broke the mold of superstition about Negro actors that has stifled their genius for generations. As long as he was only a superb supporting actor, his symbolic value to his race lay merely in their natural pride. But with stardom came the headaches and responsibilities. He has become that most controversial—and vulnerable—of figures: the spokesman for his race.

"Maybe I'm worrying too much about the needs of my position," he says today. "I wish I'd discover the real needs of just me. Then I could do more justice to my position. That's why I got me an analyst."

But no analyst can change the peculiar position Poitier

finds himself in. He projects a hero image in what is (after all is preached and done) still a white man's country. In the past, Negroes, except on rare occasions, had to incarnate the old contented, clownish, darkie sidekick. Today, in nearly all his films, Poitier must play the troubled, serious young Negro protagonist. His great flair for comedy has only been fully exploited in the Academy Award performance.

His position as a star registers a fascinating point: we haven't rid ourselves of prejudice, but are summoning enough decency to be embarrassed about it. The very appearance of a Negro leading man spotlights the problem of the colored man, rather than the problems of a man who happens to be colored. The applause and cheers Poitier received when he walked up the aisle to receive his award was as much a symptom of Hollywood's sentimentality and guilt as it was a tribute to his rare gifts.

Poitier has said that he would never accept any role offensive to the Negro because "I'm sure there are Negroes who see in me a certain kind of extension of themselves in terms of what their hopes and dreams are. As I see myself, I'm an average Joe Blow Negro. But as the cats in my area say, I'm out there waiting for us all."

An unpleasant stir was created when he agreed to appear in Samuel Goldwyn's film production of *Porgy and Bess*. Negro organizations pressured him to refuse. Belafonte had turned it down, feeling it was a slur to his race. Goldwyn offered it to Poitier who, at first, refused. It was more than rumor that Belafonte, one of his closest friends, had helped talk him out of it. Then in a sudden and mysterious about-face, Poitier decided to make the film.

He had always been vehement about the folk musical, calling it "a phony . . . there are no Negroes like the characters in this thing. They're just cardboard stereotypes." Unjustly, he was smeared as a hypocrite. When the subject is brought up now, he grows touchy and refuses to talk. "All financial considerations aside," an acquaintance once asked him, "what made you change your mind?"

Poitier's angry response ignored the meaning of the question—the man hadn't implied that he "sold out"—and was all out of proportion, reflecting no little anguish.

"What do you mean, financial considerations? Goldwyn offered me a fortune and I turned him down cold!"

On only one occasion has he relented to say that "The movie is different. It makes the characters fully-rounded, plausible human beings, not caricatures. I believe it's a fine motion picture." Beyond that he won't budge. But there was substantial disagreement on that last point, and today *Porgy and Bess* leaves a sour taste with Poitier.

"I hate it. You just can't win with that movie."

For a man who lived it, he has blind spots and rejects certain truths about Negro life, however much that ugly life was shaped by the white man's bigotry and oppression. Like all public figures, he is skittish about having his statements distorted. When speaking for publication, he protects himself by being wary, bland, over-correct, and, sometimes, a bit pompous.

Do autograph hounds and adoring crowds ever bore him?

No. He thinks it "a healthy expression of their approval." Does he have a sense of power after his great success?

No. Not power. He is "grateful and appreciative."

Would he portray an unpleasant Negro in a play where whites and Negroes interact as they do in life?

"I will play anything I think constructive."

*Didn't he think *The Defiant Ones* was based on a cheap gimmick?*

No. He "loved it." Realizing the answer isn't sufficient, he asks defensively, "Didn't you think it was constructive?"

Their unquestioned talent aside, is it possible that his and Belafonte's appeal lies in the very fact of being Negro?

A hard look knits his face. He is being baited, it says, but he mutters a polite "No."

Poitier is no mealy-mouthed appeaser and despises prejudice in any form. He has intense pride and is unrelenting about the need for Negroes to fight and keep fighting for rights and respect from a culture to which they have made enormous contributions. As he talks on this subject, his face loses the characteristic casual glance and warm smile. The passion becomes naked. He is a good, if unsophisticated, thinker. Possibly prodded by his healthy actor's ego, he tends to make pronouncements thundering in their simplicity:

"Hate destroys! If it isn't driven out, the children of white men everywhere will be serfs," he states pointedly—as if headlines hadn't already underscored that inevitability.

His own path is still unstabilized. Ordinarily unwilling to offend, he will be contemptuous of any white man who argues the merits of, say, *Raisin in the Sun*, a play and film dealing with a Negro family, but which could have been about any depressed group.

"What could you possibly know about a Negro family?" In the next breath, when Harry Belafonte is referred to as "a handsome Negro"—merely to illustrate a point—Poitier breaks in on the speaker, his face screwed in disgust and challenge:

"A man—not Negro—just plain man!"

The confusion is understandable. His own role in life is still too new and undefined. An impatient man with a chronic need to seek freedom in every area of life, Poitier remembers Cat Island with affection as the one idyll he's ever known. The great world beyond it consists of ghettos—at best glamorous ones like show business.

"On Cat Island, I had freedom. I was never watched. From the time I could walk, I had complete freedom to learn by trial and error. I fished and hunted and walked and climbed trees and swam and dreamed. We used to see movies, mostly Westerns. I used to relive them for the other kids. I played the good guys and the bad guys . . . and I used to have a spellbound audience. I could do that because I had freedom. I act now with the same freedom."

Poitier has gleaned all the rewards of success, capped by his Academy triumph. "Big Daddy" to his card-playing actor cronies, he is a fanatic golfer—scoring consistently in the low 70s. His wife is a lovely woman, he has four daughters, and now lives in an exclusive section of Westchester. His parents occupy a house he bought for them on St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands. He needn't worry about the ordinarily limited roles for a Negro. His stature has made the powers aware that large areas of Negro experience and character remain untapped. Stories will be written for him. A still-unreleased film, *The Long Boats*, a Viking saga, casts him as a Moorish Sheikh. He seems quite lost in the juvenile spectacular and plays his role with an interpretation nearer Othello than a treasure-obsessed sheikh. It will not enhance his reputation, but Poitier shrugs it off:

"I don't worry about the future. If you worry about work or money or love or health you hang yourself with anxiety. You can never be sure of them. The only thing you can be sure of is that things will change."

He reads the work of Lao-tse, orthodox Buddhism, and Zen Buddhism—this generation's retreat from chaos and panacea for the troubled spirit. Walking in midtown New York, he is instantly recognized and hailed or stared at with awe. He shyly acknowledges the greetings with that gracious, "regular guy," humble-as-cheese modesty that seems to indicate a groping for confidence and identity—and an effort to believe that all the wonder is true.



bloated cheeks, both with identical cigarettes slanting from identical scowling mouths, turned suddenly away from him as from a contagion of despair and loneliness with which they felt they too might become infected. She was not there.

He went to the little bar across the big room, dragging his elephant's head behind him by one ear, and bought a drink. The dance had only started a half hour before, and there were not many people there yet, and so the bar was not crowded. When he had his drink, he noticed the elephant's head dragging at his side, and he lifted it by its long nose and laid it gently, right side up, upon the bar facing him. It looked over at him as he drank with what he thought was an infinite and poetic sadness.

The Trueheart Friendship Club was new to the city. It was called a social club, but this was a euphemism for that tender, pathetic title, Lonely Hearts Club, which it actually was. There came twice a week for dancing, and four other days for various social activities, the too fat and too thin; the too tall and too short; the too old and too young; the too shy and too gregarious—the amalgam of the indefinite or excluded mass with which any large city is always glutted. Robert himself had finally been induced to come by his friend Morgan five weeks before.

The Trueheart Friendship Club was owned and operated by one Emmanuel Kant Steinhart, whose father had been a scholar and who had wanted his son to be a philosopher. But Manny, as he was later called, had become first the co-owner with a former madam of an unsuccessful matrimonial agency on the west coast, and then full owner of the present Trueheart Friendship Club.

Manny attended each dance personally. His squat, morose figure could be seen even now, in shiny evening wear complete with long tails, the cuffs and neck of his dress shirt frayed and proclaiming little circles of yellowish dirt and sweat. He moved among the few dancers on the floor, checking badges and counting heads like a grocery store owner among his boxes of beans and peas and carrots during monthly inventory. "You hevvin' a gud time?" he would ask, searching frantically with his suspicious and ferret-like eyes for the admission badge; then finding it he would say, "Gud. Hev' a gud time," and grimly pass on to the next.

At nine o'clock she arrived—a tall, thin, nervous girl flanked by two small, knobby women like bookends. She stood in the door between her two older companions a little self-consciously, sensitive that others realized she had come here as a last resort just as they had. Here she could not even affect the last dignity of feigned indifference.

Stealthily, Robert reached for his elephant head and put it on. The long, wrinkled nose swung down heavily, and he shook his head experimentally. The ears were very large; there were very small ecyholes through which to see, around them comical wide eyes, and above them very long eyelashes. There were slits in the arms, or legs, through which he could put his hands, but when he drew them in there were only the heavy rubber-like paws with the large toes of an elephant painted on them. Just below the trunk was a small slit through which he could breathe and talk.

Robert had had three drinks. Now he swung down from the bar, the drinks affecting him as always very quickly, and lumbered heavily, from side to side like a real elephant, over to the threesome.

"Awooooooooooo," he went in what was his best imitation of an elephant, and swung his trunk before them rhythmically.

"Who is it?" one of the smaller women asked, and, as

if it were a real elephant, drew back a little behind Helen. She had huge, wide eyes like saucers, and now in her fright they went wider still.

"Awooooooooooo," he went again.

Robert and Helen sat at the bar of the Trueheart Friendship Club. Robert had taken off his elephant's head again. Helen was dressed as Peter Pan, and even without heels she was almost as tall as Robert. She was very thin, almost shapeless, so that she made an ideal Peter Pan, and when she spoke it was with a sort of breathlessness which stirred Robert to erotic thoughts.

She was not pretty. For one thing, she had a very bad complexion, the color of coffee with too much milk in it, and she wore—the only thing that Robert really disliked about her—a pair of small, pinched tortoise shell glasses studded profusely with imitation jewels.

Robert had another drink. It was his fifth. Helen was sipping a Pink Lady.

Robert cleared his throat. "Have you seen any good movies?" he asked suddenly, his voice raised almost to a squeak.

"Why," she said with an intake of breath that he knew was the prelude to that breathless sentence that would follow, "I saw an Esther Williams movie just last night now that you mention it you know with Ricardo Montalban where she's a rich heiress and he's a poor Mexican who becomes a famous Mexican composer so that he can marry her in the end. I think she has such a beautiful figure, don't you?"

"Yeah," Robert said. "Yeah, I do."

"They say it's because she's a swimmer you know swimming all the time gives her a good figure and keeps her in shape don't you agree?"

"HAW!" He had not meant it to be so loud, but in his eagerness he had thought she was making a joke with the word "shape," and, eager to please, and very nervous, he had blurted it out louder than he meant to so that several people turned and looked at them.

Helen watched him tensely from behind the narrow, egg-shaped glasses, sipping up her Pink Lady through the straw.

"I mean," he amended in frantic haste, "I think she's got a very good shape. And she's a swell actress. And I hear she's a very fine person too—teaches Sunday school to kids and all that."

"No," Helen said very quickly, again breathlessly, eager to impart the information. "That's Jane Russell. Jane Russell teaches Sunday school. I read that in an article about her just last week." And she bent down over her Pink Lady again, looking up at him through those glasses.

"Oh," Robert said. "Well, she's got a good shape too."

Helen had been caught in the middle of a long swallow on her Pink Lady, and she gulped it down very quickly, and a little painfully, so that she could answer. "Yes she has," she agreed eagerly.

As he danced with Helen, Robert had only one thought: he wanted his mother to see this woman who was his. Suddenly all the boredom, all the long nights, even those desperate letters of evocation were erased, and he wanted only to proclaim his find to his mother. It was an obsessive thought which grew in intensity under the revolving blue and green and red and yellow lights that flew from the revolving chandelier like bright moths in ordered flight around the room.

"I want you to meet my mother," he said at last as he pushed her jerkily from spot to spot across the floor.

"I'd love to," she said, for once subduing her breathlessness.

(Continued on page 38)

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VETRI VENINI





Archaeologists first found glass vessels in Egypt, but a prominent Egyptologist, Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie, avers that the Egyptians are not responsible for the earlier articles, such as earthenware vessels placed in the tombs of kings by their mourners. He assures us that glass was first produced in Mesopotamia and imported by Egypt. However, the glass that the Egyptians used was a far cry from the objets d'art displayed on these pages. Glass artisans in Italy discovered the process in the 15th century. From that time Italy has been foremost in the production of fine glass. The surrounding photographs attest to her present pre-eminence.

Historians categorize the periods of development in glass manufacture in Italy as "The First Golden Age of Glass in Rome" and "The Second Golden Age of Glass in Venice." It was in Venice that the art of glass blowing achieved perfection. Here master craftsmen came to be so respected that they were elevated to the burgher class, enabling them to intermarry with nobility. On the other hand, the city fathers of Renaissance Venice were very jealous of the trade their renowned glass brought. Eager to keep glass blowing a Venetian affair, they isolated craftsmen in Murano—an offshoot, waterbound subsidiary of Venice. When an artisan strayed, harsh discipline was invoked. One errant glass blower was reputed to have escaped to the borders of Paris only to be slain by a zealous emissary of the adamant Council of Ten.

Murano is still recognized as a principal glass center, but its aldermen are not in the habit of assassinating glass blowers with a yen for greener pastures! Strangely enough, a half-century ago, glass blowing was practically forgotten in Murano. If it were not for an enterprising young Milanese attorney, Paolo Venini, it would have been forgotten. Fascinated by Italy's heritage of glass blowing, he dedicated himself to restore Murano its artistic supremacy in the world of glass. He wanted to accomplish this using time-tested methods.

Mr. Venini studied every facet of glassmaking, delving for aids to his processes in Etruscan and Chinese work. He developed the pellucid colors which now make his name famous. Later, a respected artist, his advice was sought by Finnish and South African glassmakers; in his lifetime he witnessed his core of craftsmen expand to several hundred. Mr. Venini's assiduous experimentation with color and dedication to the proven methods of glass blowing recreated Murano as the bustling glass capital it once had been. His work enjoys exhibition in major museums the world over, and he worked with decorators and artists of international fame. After his death his wife—referred to as Mother Venini by her employees—took up directing operations at Venini Ltd.

The tools of glass blowers have changed little over the centuries. Most important is the blow-pipe or bocca, now made of heat resistant alloys. A full size blow-pipe is a cumbersome item in the hands of a novice, but a seasoned craftsman makes it appear as delicate as a wand as he manipulates it while blowing the gob of glass at its end. The pontil or punt is a small rod used to gather molten glass from the crucible, container for the glass that is being worked, to add a stem to a glass or to embellish a vase. The pontil has many other uses, serving the glass blower as a screwdriver serves the mechanic.

The forming block is a hollow, heavy piece of wood where a gather, a gob of glass at the end of the blow pipe, can be shaped. Another wood tool is the pallet; it is for shaping surfaces and trimming edges. The steel-jack, resembling table tongs, is used to widen the mouth of a goblet or to pinch glass to form a neck. Various forms and sizes of scissors are used to guide pontils or the glass itself. Naturally, they serve to sever portions of glass not needed on a finished product. Lastly, the forming tool, tongs with wide flat ends, is used for straightening stems and for other delicate shaping work.

Glass blowing has traditionally been a fine art. In Murano the men who perform it are respected as their predecessors were in Renaissance Italy. Artisans of today are men who dreamed of producing beautiful objects of glass as youngsters. It is fortunate for them that Paolo Venini's glance was tempted from his law books to a piece of beautiful crystal a half-century ago.

Pictured on the facing page are some examples of Venini Limited's work. Articles labeled 1, 2, 5, and 8 are incised glass; 3, 4, 6, and 7 are all colored clear glass. 1. Long necked bud vase 2. Vase 3. Stopped, airtight bottle 4. Old-fashioned glass 5. Bud vase or candlestick 6. Paperweight 7. Hour glass shaped drinking glass 8. Bud vase



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**A hard-core pornographer looks at contemporary literature—and finds it wanting
... more sex. By Maurice Maudit, as told to Bob Abel.**

Author's Note: Maurice Maudit is the pseudonym for a well-known French author whose avant-garde works bring him literary esteem and whose rear-guard works of pornography enable him to eat. This interview was conducted in a pleasant Left Bank apartment, near the *Quai de Passy* (since renamed *Quai de Kennedy*), where Monsieur Maudit retreats to write his pornography. His remarks, while both interesting and insightful, will read slightly jerkily in spots because he insisted on working on a new pornographic novel while the interview was being taped. To help make Monsieur Maudit's answers assume narrative status, therefore, we will let his replies stand alone, as the questions which prompted them are self-evident.

"As a dedicated and sincere hard-core pornographer, I must take exception to the intrusions upon my domain by those works which—despite the required frequency of fornications and an ambitious number of aberrations—simply do not make the grade, as you Americans say. When such works are described as 'pornography,' it is an insult to genuine works of pornography. *Mon dieu*, these pretenders-to-pornography are enormously lacking in virility—each and every sexual scene is deplorably *underwritten*! (Although Olympia Press, after an author had written a masterful two-chapter-long orgy, ordained that no coition under its imprimatur could last more than three pages, I firmly believe that four pages is the minimal space needed to fully explore the well-conceived fornication . . . However, this is a technical problem and of no interest to the layman.) In short, these so-called sexy novels are usually undersexed, overanxious, or both.

"Let me illustrate:

"*Peyton Place*, the novel about small town sin by Grace Metalious, is a dreadful excuse for pornography. Everyone who sins—suffers for it. The entire New England landscape is soaked in guilt. No one can even hold hands without being punished. And, worse yet, most of the sex is witnessed through keyholes and under window shades. No, good pornography cannot thrive under such dreary conditions! It is little wonder that New England was the home of the Puritans, whose greatest vice was bundling!

"*The Carpetbaggers*, by Harold Robbins, does somewhat better. The principal male character sleeps with his stepmother, the main female character with her stepbrother. There is also a protracted Lesbian affair, several brothel scenes, blackmail movies and rapes. The bosom—a properly large one—of a film star named Rina Marlowe, one of the central characters, is described on pages 22, 45, 172, 220, 222-224, 227, 230, 259, 309, 314 and 321, and the problems of displaying it to best advantage in films are discussed at great length on pages 192-198. Unfortunately this character passes away on page 336 so we are denied her breasts thereafter.

"However, other features of the book include people dying by abortion, by self-castration (anyone stupid

enough to do such a thing *deserves* to die!), by being lashed with a snake whip, by being skinned alive (nasty, that!), by being a three-day feast for an ant colony, and by being roasted with a red-hot poker. Now this excessive violence seems a bit gratuitous to me, but no one can deny that pornography profits when at least a *dash* of violent seasoning is added. Mr. Robbins, for his part, does provide one dashing scene where a boy is seduced beside the body he has just killed—and oh, how De Sade would have applauded that!

"But Mr. Robbins is not master of his ship, becoming positively pristine after the untimely demise of the bosomy Miss Marlowe. After her departure, the chief heroine is a delicious creature named Jennie Denton, who progresses from being a nurse to a Hollywood prostitute of considerable imagination—on one occasion, she makes love to a client in a bathtub half-filled with champagne! But her final resting place is not the boudoir, but a nunnery, and God knows there isn't much of a future *there*! And with Miss Marlowe underground and Miss Denton under her Sister Superior, the pace of the book slows from a rate of at least one sexual climax every 17 pages to one every 43! Worse yet, Mr. Robbins insists on mixing business with pleasure: he is forever discussing such inanities as high finance, American Indian marriage rites, Jewish cooking, plastic surgery, contraceptive manufacturing, labor unions, jet aeronautics and how to roast a dog. Pornography cannot thrive in such a decadent atmosphere! If an author *must* devote space to details, let them be sexual details, and leave high finance to authors who prefer to keep their characters in banking houses rather than whorehouses. For a gifted pornographer to do otherwise is simply to prostitute his great natural talents!

"This, alas, has been the tragic flaw of Henry Miller, whose gifts as a pornographer have been submerged under his autobiographical and philosophical excursions. Miller on sex can be hilarious, on anything else he can be a crashing bore. He persists in attempting to blend pornography with great literature, and naturally his pornographic content suffers accordingly.

"In this regard, I was amused to hear that an American legal authority—in your state of New Jersey, I believe—called Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* 'the vilest collection of filth between two covers.' The gentleman is obviously not at all well-read: Miller's *Sexus* is at least three times as filthy, and I myself have written two or three volumes that make *Sexus* read like a children's fairy tale. And that, I submit, is surely the problem with Miller's writing—he is unable to sustain a fitting amount of filth in his work.

"To be sure, *Tropic of Cancer* is overflowing with four-letter words. I have counted 13 in one paragraph and another pornography-lover has estimated that the book contains 31,416 obscene—by society's genteel standards—expressions. But expletives do not make for respectable pornography if there is not enough sexual adventure in an author's work, and *Tropic of Cancer* constantly wanders off into discussions (turn page)





of art and artists, life in the United States versus life in Paris, authors (Joyce, Proust, Dostoevsky and a hundred others), painting, food, mankind's future and a host of other topics which have nothing to do with good pornography. Thus *Tropic of Cancer* is only sexy enough for a book one-fifth its size.

"With *Tropic of Capricorn*, Miller's pornographic standards immediately decline. One has to read 50 pages before encountering a bona fide sexual act—then nothing for 17 pages more! Admittedly, Miller recovers brilliantly in his *Sexus*—the first volume of the *Rosy Crucifixion* trilogy—which is one long orgasmic ode to mattress polo, but the other two volumes, *Plexus* and *Nexus*, are full of serious discussions and little else. An even later volume, *The World of Sex*, is no more sexy than the latest detective novel in your country. Ah, I used to think that Henry Miller was a great man, but now I wonder. . . .

"As for the other 'hot' books that have caused a rumpus by their publication, one can hardly dignify them by mentioning them in a serious discussion of pornography. In *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, sex is seen through female eyes, and while there have been a few female pornographers of high repute, D. H. Lawrence was not one of them. His book is highly moral, and the work of a man who wasn't sure himself that sex is here to stay. *Lolita*, on the other hand, is the work of a highly sophisticated author who understands all too well the intricacies of the sex drive; but one has to read between the lines to find, the stimulations that drove Humbert Humbert across the American continent, and where's the fun in that? And Frank Harris? Alas, he is merely Henry Miller without a sense of humor.

"Perhaps the problem with these sexually anemic and sexually neurotic works is that their authors are too contemporary for their own good. By any reckoning, the most healthily pornographic work openly available to Americans these days is John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, better known as *Fanny Hill*. That this joyous piece of pornography is the product of an 18th-century mind rather than the offspring of one of today's corrupt imaginations is a mark of shame on the current pornography industry. Yet the irony is that it has been allowed entry into American—and English—homes because it has been judged to be a work of literary merit. *Sacrébleu*, its literary worth is almost worthless in contrast to its lascivious riches—it is a classic piece of filth, in the finest sense of that much-abused word!

"What, precisely, are the contents of this 18th-century gem? Well, they are cheerful and guiltless and full of fun, which should be the precise reaction of the reader. There is no guilt in *Fanny Hill* because sex is not a cause for shame. Why should it be? We spend a brief enough portion of our existence in sexual activities, but it is *that* portion which is responsible for this very existence. Why, then, should we not read at great length about sex? It is among the few consistently rewarding areas of human life, and nothing celebrates this fact better than good pornography.

"*Fanny Hill* was written to make money for its

author, and because it is good pornography, it did just that. The 18th century suffered, as it were, from an immense 'defecation mania,' and Cleland catered to this prurient interest by making *Fanny Hill* one long defecation. Our heroine begins her initiation into the pleasures of pleasure by being deflowered and ends her professional career by going blushing to bed with her true love, blushing because she is not a virgin for him. Well, of course she isn't a virgin, since it was this same young lot who was responsible for the original—and permanent—change in her virginal status!

"Between the covers of *Fanny Hill*—and that is where she generally is—we are treated to 20 acts of sexual intercourse, four of them crowd scenes, four acts of Lesbianism, two acts of male homosexuality, two acts of flagellation and one of female masturbation. Perhaps it doesn't sound like much, but it is all rendered with great style and *joie de vivre*, in the best traditions of good pornography. The important thing about *Fanny Hill* is not—as one critic has said in her defense as a literary creation—that she lies 'between Defoe's Moll Flanders . . . and James Joyce's Molly Bloom'—but that she lies between, beneath and on top of her fellow characters not only willingly, but with great personal distinction, and in loving detail. She is, pure and simply, simply impure—sans sociology, sans psychology, sans everything but sex!

"In America, I have learned of late, there has been some confusion as to whether *Fanny Hill* is hard-core pornography or a work of art pornographic in content. It has always struck me that the attempt to draw such distinctions is among the most absurd of human endeavors, surpassed, perhaps, only by the spending of huge sums on a girl who will only perform badly in bed anyway. Anyone who cannot recognize a piece of pornography when he is confronted with it is clearly a professional boob. There is no such thing as soft-core pornography—either a book or film or painting is erotic or it is not. It may or may not be Art, but surely its pornographic qualities will speak for themselves. The only distinction that may be drawn is whether a work is good pornography or bad pornography, and that is where artistic considerations should come in—good pornography is not only good and dirty, it is more entertaining, more titillating, more imaginative, more fun than the bad stuff. Connoisseurs of course can tell the difference right away, but others may find themselves being aroused by good, bad and indifferent erotica. Eventually, however, they will find themselves more excited—and, yes, more incited—by the superior brands. This, I believe, is what is known as human progress.

"The court trials of *Fanny Hill*, therefore, only serve to obscure the obvious merits of good pornography. For instance, let us consider the four legal tests of 'obscenity' to which the Cleland novel was subjected in its skirmishes with the law in New York State. Naturally it passed this quartet of obscenities—for surely nothing is more obscene than censorship itself—but always for the patently wrong reasons.

"The first test, for example, is that of 'social value.' The presiding tribunal ruled (continued on page 36)

antidote for Beatlemania. Then, along came a happy, swinging disc by an up-and-coming gravel-voiced trumpet player who turned a sprightly 53 years old on his last birthday. Within a few weeks, Louis Armstrong's personal and inimitable interpretation of "Hello Dolly!" became the top record in the country. Now there's an entire album of wonderfully relaxed Armstrong performances, featuring his timeless trumpet style and buoyant vocals. Louis puts his personal stamp on such tunes as "Moon River," "Hey Look Me Over," "You Are Woman," "Blueberry Hill," "Be My Life's Companion," and the red-hot (in terms of sales) "I Still Get Jealous." The Man still has it: a buy for Armstrong fans.

MONK: BIG BAND AND QUARTET IN CONCERT (Columbia, CL 2164, \$3.98). Through the years Thelonious Monk has escaped his early reputation as a far-out, mystic high priest of Be Bop and is currently enjoying rightful recognition as one of the most influential and respected innovators in jazz. During this time he has never compromised his musical integrity. In fact, he has become an increasingly deft

band as well as in the more familiar quartet and solo context. The well-known Monk standards ("I Mean You," "Evidence," and "Played Twice") sound looser and more swinging than they ever have been before on record. A must for jazz buffs and followers of Monk.

DEBUSSY: CHANSONS DE BILITIS; HINDEMITH: HERDIADIE (Columbia ML 5971, \$4.98). Too much of a good thing? We hear not only the previously unrecorded Debussy sketches (left incomplete, now fleshed out by Pierre Boulez) and the sprightly, light-textured Hindemith—but also, simultaneously, the voice of Vera Zorina reading the Pierre Louys and Mallarmé texts on which the works are respectively based. Alas, she tends to get in the way: her voice (in French) is throaty and melodious, but in both cases the music (performed with lustre by the Columbia Chamber Ensemble under Robert Craft) happens to sound more ravishing still. Solution: a "stereo" re-pressing with music in one speaker—and voice in the other, to be shut off at will.

MUSIC FOR STRINGS, PERCUSSION AND CELESTE: BARTOK; CONCERT MUSIC

FOR STRINGS AND BRASS: HINDEMITH (Columbia, ML 5979, \$4.98). Bela Bartók is known as a "difficult" composer, but this is one of his most accessible works—and one of his finest. Beginning slowly, with typical Bartokian morbidity, the music ranges through many of the composer's most exciting innovations into its hair-raising finale. The Hindemith work, too, is one of the composer's less esoteric compositions yet is none the less exciting. Though not of the high quality of the Bartók, it is excellent and gives the New York Philharmonic's brass and string sections a chance to display their virtuosity. Leonard Bernstein conducts with his usual authority.

STRING QUINET IN C MAJOR (Columbia, ML 5936, \$4.98). Schubert's last, and to our mind, his greatest work, this magnificent chamber music is performed by The Budapest Quartet and Benar Helfetz on the cello. On no other recording of this piece has Schubert's struggle for life and resignation to his imminent death been so clearly defined. A most welcome re-release and an absolute must for the collector of Schubert.

BERNSTEIN CONDUCTS FAVORITE ROSSINI OVERTURES (Columbia, ML 5933, \$4.98). Maestro Bernstein signs happily through five of "Signor Crescendo's" happy overtures. Corny though they

may be to some, and over-represented in the LP catalog they certainly are, few music lovers tire of these tempestuous and witty works. Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic enter into the spirit of the music without losing a sense of pace or missing the subtleties.

A CHOPIN RECITAL. ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY (Columbia, ML 5969, \$4.98). Alexander Brailowsky does indeed, as the title affirms, afford us a Chopin recital in his latest cutting for Columbia Records. He renders a potpourri of Chopin, demonstrating his own, as well as the composer's, virtuosity and versatility. The ghosts of familiarity lurk on side one as it opens with the oft-rendered and popularized Tarantelle, Opus 43. Mr. Brailowsky follows this with Opus 57, Berceuse, softening the mood which he sustains with Trois Escaisses, Opus 72 and Andante Spianato and Grand Polonaise Brillante. Side two is devoted to Sonata in B Minor, Opus 58. The pianist's definition and flawless fingerwork are nowhere more apparent than in the notorious third movement where he maintains perfect control on passages which present technical difficulties mastered by few. Mr. Brailowsky presents Chopin as he was—an innovator of delicate, yet vigorous, rhythms. We anticipate the continuation of the artist's Chopin series.

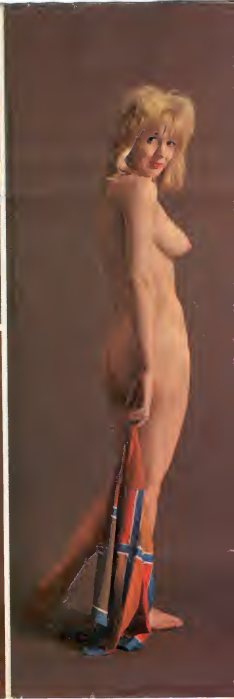
PLAYBACK





heidi

Now Heidi's going to begin a feast for your eyes, but first we'll warn you. Don't overeye. There are many "eyelories" on the next few pages which are extremely tempting for an "overlooker." Escapade's entire art staff and half of the editorial department were out with acute eye bulge for a week as a result of "overeyeing" the delightful attitudes of Miss Heidi Baer on the ensuing pages. The staff is now dieting strictly on countryside scenes.











German born Heidi is fond of travel. In her twenty-two years she has lived in eight countries; in each one she has pursued different interests and vocations. She began as a ski instructress at Innsbruck, where she utilized fluency in German, Italian, and French. Right now Heidi is in Manhattan, interpreting for an import-export firm.



that *Fanny Hill* has some 'social value' because—and here he quoted a U. S. Supreme Court decision—"all ideas having even the slightest redeeming social importance—unorthodox ideas, controversial ideas, even ideas hateful to the prevailing climate of opinion—have the full guarantee of the First Amendment." Now this is estimable—for Europeans regard your highest court as an inviolable outpost of sanity in your country—but it misses the point in this instance. The 'social value' of books such as *Fanny Hill* is that it is entertaining, and even somewhat educational, to read about sexual escapades. There is nothing 'slight' about the ideas in *Fanny Hill*, nor anything 'unorthodox,' unless having fun in bed is a new and 'controversial' idea. *Fanny Hill*, as excellent pornography, has 'social value' *per se*—after all, if sex is hateful to the 'prevailing climate of opinion,' then the only explanation for the current population explosion would seem to be black magic.

"To continue with *Fanny*'s legal defense: she passed the 'prurient test,' that is to say, our heroine of the bed-chamber(s) does not appeal to lustful thoughts—which of course is a quite insane conclusion. If *Fanny Hill* had not appealed to lustful thoughts, it could hardly have survived this long. Show me a man without prurient thoughts and I'll show you a corpse, or else a man whose juices have dried up and who no longer cares to answer the call of the flesh. He needs our sympathy—he does not need our legal protection.

"The book was also found not to be 'patently offensive' in light of contemporary standards. This is highly amusing, because the language of *Fanny Hill* is so demure and elevated that not even a sewing circle could be led astray by its glowing descriptions. In fact one suspects that if Henry Miller met *Fanny Hill*, she would ask him to mind his tongue (sic!). As for 'offensive' content, if there is anything going on in *Fanny Hill* that is not going on these days, then the history of man has been one of retarded development. Surely we've come up with a few new tricks in 200 years!

"Finally, *Fanny Hill* was found not to be 'entirely obscene,' which if nothing else makes one wonder what these learned authorities found in the book besides sex? If they thought that sex wasn't 'obscene,' that might explain it, but their premise was that the book had some historical value, and a moral ending to boot. Granting that Cleland wrote with considerable elegance, one must point out that intercourse is intercourse in any literary style, and that *Fanny Hill* is not only entirely, but marvelously, 'obscene,' to use a term which may soon be out-moded. Thus, if a U.S. tribunal failed to find enough 'obscenity' in this work, this demonstrates a lack of imagination on his part, and not on that of the author, who labored hard and well on behalf of pornography and deserves the fullest possible credit for his memorable erotic efforts.

"To be candid, all this talk of 'legal tests' gives me a headache. The tradition of pornography has been honored by almost every important culture save our own. Erotic art, such as the murals of Pompeii, the Indian temple sculptures and the classical Japanese pornographic prints, all reflects an age—or rather, ages—when there was superstition and ignorance about many areas of life, but sex was not one of them. The more imaginative and talented artists have produced the most lasting work, but we have—in a sense—matched their efforts with our pornographic films and those delightfully phallic variations on the

American comic strip. Perhaps the artistry is not equivalent, but surely the most pornographic films come closest to matching our own erotic fantasies, which are, after all, the end result of a supposedly ultra-sophisticated age. Films, the creation of the 20th century, have advanced pornography more than any other medium because they are the closest to the reality we recognize and the unreality in which we live out our wish-fulfillments. Even such apparently artless mediums as comic strips—again the product of this century—oftentimes attain the level of great pornography when the likes of Popeye and Jiggs do unto Olive Oyl and Maggie as their real-life counterparts would like to do unto each other. Pornography does not need the freedom to publish so much as it requires the freedom to enjoy. . . .

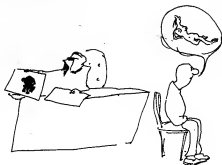
"After all, what dangers can pornography possibly hold for mankind when the great work—particularly in the graphic arts—was for the most part done centuries ago? To quote the American critic, Donald Phelps, writing in the avant-garde publication, *Kulchur*: 'In my opinion, this criticism of the spectator-consumer is probably the most valuable single objection to pornography; not only because it makes the most sense, but because it comes closest to the center of most such objections: not that pornography might encourage sexual promiscuity, or rape, or V.D., or birth control; but that it probably encourages masturbation: one of the last vestiges of private enterprise in the United States. . . . Any argument by me either for or against masturbation would—self-evidently, I trust—be ridiculous.' No, there has never been a proven relationship between pornography and antisocial acts in any reasonable sense of the term.

"To be even more critical of the anti-pornography forces, one must point out that they are not only un-American, but undemocratic as well. It is important, Americans are told, not to ignore the diversity of cultures which go to make up that great nation. Well, if it is important to cater to those who need artistic stimulation, it is no less vital to care for those who have no eye for art, no ear for music, no direct line into Great Literature, but who are artists between the sheets of the master-bed. Among this group's Constitutional rights are those of 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' and who makes so bold as to define what 'happiness' is?

"So let the floodgates open, I say! Let pornography become widely available—in truth the only obstacle at present is one of economics—and boredom will do the job that censorship can never accomplish. To reverse Gresham's Law somewhat perversely, good pornography will most assuredly drive out bad pornography, because this is the one area of expression in which people want the most imaginative works in the field—if only to see if *do-it-yourself* is as easy as they say it is. They will find, I suspect, that all that's required for a *ménage à trois* is a third person who is, as you sometimes say, as horny as they are.

"Now I am bored with all this babble. Let us have some abstinence—it is still available if you know the proper importer—and then go to a preview of a new pornographic film I have been invited to. . . . It stars—no, I had better not tell you, lest it come as no surprise. Anyway, it is in Technicolor, and is in CinemaScope, and you will be quite moved by it! You may even find that you will actually jump onto the screen!

"So bring your own after-dinner entertainment, and we will have more fun than the people in the film. As you Americans say, see you in the funnies!"



"Tonight," he said, a little firmly, for he felt his masculinity rising like sap up into him.

"Tonight? Isn't it late? I mean—" She looked up suddenly into his elephant eyes, begging affirmation.

"She's a very nice woman," Robert said a little lamely. He darkened then. He thought of the dozens of cigarettes a day, the inevitable cup of black coffee she carried with her all day from room to room so that there were stains—signatures, ghosts—of her presence in every room by the end of the day. He remembered the two, three, sometimes four baths she took each day, unbearably hot he had thought, for when he went in afterwards the steam still rose in the room and the bathroom mirror and window were heavily clouded. And strewn like relics of some fatal and sad lost battle were dozens of bottles of lotions and creams. He thought too of the three aspirins and the two quarts of beer she drank each night so she could sleep, and now and then the smell of whiskey in the water glass she kept on her night table. "She's a very nice woman," he repeated mechanically.

"I'm sure she is, Robert," he heard Helen say.

And out of some void, some ache, some need for kindly affirmation in himself, he brought forth his only symbol to banish all of the ruminative sadness that had for so long afflicted him: he shook his long trunk and let out his elephant cry again. "Awoooooooooooo."

"Oh, Robert," Helen breathed, "you're so funny."

When they arrived at the house the lights were all out but one. The cab driver turned around in his seat and faced them. A sort of demonic fierceness seemed to emanate from him, and it was obvious he considered both of his fares in need of observation. Robert had kept his

elephant head on all through the ride, now and then in downtown traffic looking out at the occupants of other vehicles as they drew alongside. Once he rolled down the window and gave his roar to a little old lady driver perched perilously on cushions so she could see above the wheel.

"All right," the driver said. "Mr. Elephant, nice and quiet like you said. Quiet as a mouse you might say."

Robert looked at him through his little holes. He noticed for the first time that the man's nose was broken almost flat against his face, but pointing mostly to the left as if signalling. As annoyed as he was at the arrogance and impotency of the man, he could not help but stare at it.

Helen was slumped down very far onto her seat, whether from embarrassment or not Robert did not know, but she was staring intently, very intently over the edge of the front seat through her narrow glasses.

The driver grunted impatiently, wanting to be paid, but Robert kept staring at him with enmity. Suddenly he was very sad and depressed.

But he did not have time to indulge this mood, for the driver had turned around and begun to start the motor.

"You wait," Robert said with sudden authority. "We'll be going on from here."

The driver just grunted and leaned back as Robert and Helen got out of the cab and walked up the cement steps to the house.

"Are you sure it's all right?" Helen asked.

"Of course," Robert said, regaining some of his enthusiasm and pointing. "That's my mother's light on. Now we'll be very quiet so we can surprise her . . ."

They were very quiet; so quiet in fact that Mrs. Blessing, drunk and naked and sitting in the middle of her bed, did not see them for a full ten seconds standing in the doorway of her bedroom. At first she thought it was an apparition—in her present mood of self-pity she would have welcomed one—a huge elephant and this gawky, lean woman in the green suit. The woman stared at her in frozen amazement and horror for those full ten seconds, and then she heard her gasp and Mrs. Blessing reached suddenly with her skinny, naked arms for the bottle on the chair beside her, farther out so that she was almost kneeling there, her buttocks dotted with little knobs and globules like an acned face and her breasts swinging long and loose and hideously veined.

When she heard the final gasp and scream, she fell headlong onto the floor, bringing bottle and chair down with her.

When Mrs. Blessing awoke and remembered the scene, she got up quickly and sat down, breathing heavily, on the bed. She drew herself up very straight and went unsteadily to her closet and put on her slippers and drew her robe around her. When she looked into the mirror, she looked like an old woman who has awakened, but no worse.

The rest of the house was still dark, and when she got to the parlor she saw his shape against the light from the window. He was standing straight and unmoving in the middle of the floor.

She turned on the wall switch, and as she did so Robert blinked a moment at the light. He had been standing as if at attention there, the elephant's head in his hand at his side. The moment the light came on he lifted the head and put it on.

"Listen to me now, Robert," she said. She could hear him breathing and she knew he was watching her from behind the mask, but that was all.

"Robert," she said, "take off that silly mask. Robert, take that hideous thing off, I say. Robert, are you crazy?" •



**A DRUNK HAS A BOTTLE, A GAMBLER
HIS CONSCIENCE. BY C. G. HAYDEN**

It was a typical Wednesday night at the Concourse Plaza Hotel. Well dressed guests drifted through the carpeted lobby, many wearing name tags from an engineering convention being held on the premises.

In a lounge upstairs two men, both in their early fifties, were busily setting up chairs and arranging literature on a narrow table skirting the wall. In a few minutes, a closed therapy session for compulsive gamblers was due to begin.

Through my affiliation with a local radio station and credentials as a writer, I had obtained permission to attend, provided, of course, that I would henceforth protect each participant's anonymity.

One by one they arrived. Graying, middle-aged men

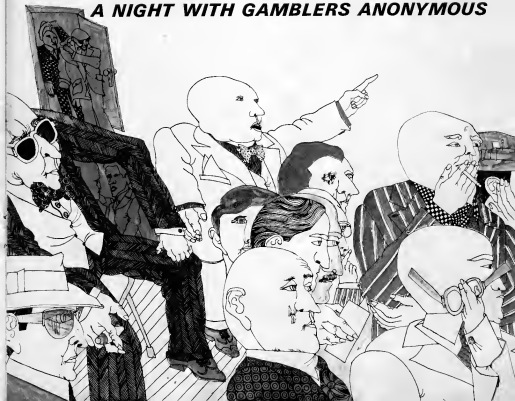
in sports jackets and smartly tailored suits. Some carried official looking briefcases; others ambled in with nothing except a daily tabloid tucked beneath their arm.

"Just got back from two weeks vacation in Massachusetts," a heavy set fellow beamed as he entered. "Boy, two dog tracks, the trotters and three card games within ten miles of our cabin. Two years ago, I would've had a ball, but this trip I didn't go near any of them."

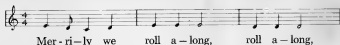
Nearby a younger man clenched his newspaper, rapping it against his hand's open palm as he talked. "A guy in my building had \$200 on the twin double. If his horse in the last race had won instead of coming in second, he would have collected nine grand!"

Everywhere the conversational din (turn page)

A NIGHT WITH GAMBLERS ANONYMOUS



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filling the room was punctuated by "track," "daily double," "flats," "bookie" and "shylock." Socializing ceased as the chairman, an outgoing balding man in his late forties, called the meeting to order.

Ceremoniously the Gamblers Anonymous booklets were read aloud. Included was a self analysis test: "Has your gambling led to time lost from work, an unhappy home life, decreased efficiency, heavy debts, neglect of family, theft or attempted self-destruction?"

"Ever gamble for money to pay debts? When you lose, are you determined to return as soon as possible to regain your losses? Conversely, does winning make you anxious to win more? Perhaps you gamble to escape worry or trouble, after an argument which makes you feel frustrated, or to celebrate some good fortune?" Answer "yes" to a third of the above questions and you're probably

one of thousands of compulsive gamblers.

"I guess I'll start." The chairman stepped from behind the table and leaned informally against the outermost corner. "My name is Harvey, and I am a compulsive gambler. For that matter, I am lucky to be here tonight. If it wasn't for G.A. (Gamblers Anonymous) I'd be pushing up grass somewhere in Potter's Field.

"Gambling gave me two ulcers, insomnia, migraine headaches and a near fatal thrombosis. This is my second year without placing a bet, and I'm a hundred times healthier because of it. Not only that, my business isn't teetering any longer, and I am doing well in the world again."

Finishing a few minutes later, Harvey returned to his chair. In turn the others stood or came forward to discuss their misadventures in the world of chance. Each began, "I am" (continued on page 44)







"Talk about your great Italian lovers . . .
we didn't even take our skis off!"



"Yes, she is lovely—but watch your step . . .
 her father's a big shot in the local Mafia!"



"These mountains are simply unbelievable! . . . Like something you only see in the movies!"

Joe, and I am a compulsive gambler." Some preferred, "I am Bill, and I am a sick compulsive gambler." Each used only his first name.

There were businessmen, cab drivers, office workers, blue collar workers. Nearly all had written bad checks, embezzled, floated phony bank loans and become financially entangled with employers, co-workers and shylocks—because of their gambling habits.

"If you looked at my loan policies, you'd think I owned enough furniture to fill a mansion." The speaker shook his head disparagingly. "Four livingroom suites, two dining-room suites and three washing machines. Heck, I wish I did. All I own is an armory full of track stubs and a shabby three rooms of second hand furniture."

"I once borrowed money from the bank saying I needed it for my mother's funeral," another confessed. "You can imagine how desperate I was for some 'action money.'"

"Because of my gambling," a thin Scotsman wearing a gray silk suit sighed, "our family business went to the dogs. Not only did I hurt myself, I ruined the lives of my father and brother too. My old man should have retired years ago, but because of me and the horses, he is still sweating his life away for a weekly pay check."

"I'm a cop," a burly Italian shrugged modestly. "This time a year ago twenty officers, three finance companies, two banks and half a dozen shylocks were on my neck for money."

"I risked my job, my reputation, even my freedom because of gambling. To cover weekend bets, I would make the rounds on Friday in uniform cashing checks at bars, liquor stores and small groceries when I didn't even have a bank account. I might have been a cop, but I was only a weekend away from jail."

"Sometimes I let speeders off so they'd think I was a good guy. I'd jot down their names and addresses. Then if I couldn't get some cash anywhere else, I'd go to their homes and hit them for a loan."

"Now with my GA five year plan, I'm repaying my debts. Last week for the first time I got to know the thrill of bringing some toys home to my own kids."

A "plan" is an essential part of the GA "Recovery Program." The average gambler comes to GA only when he's at his rope's end. Many come in hopes of giving someone a sob story and borrowing enough money to get themselves through their current crisis. However, they are shortly disappointed for GA itself has no funds and members refuse personal loans on the grounds that "direct financial aid to new members has almost invariably proven detrimental."

Instead, the newcomer is coaxed into making a fearless moral and financial self-inventory, admitting his mistakes to himself and at least one other human being and resolving to make amends to those he has hurt. After such a fearless financial inventory, a two to five year plan may be necessary in order for the gambler to reestablish his fiscal solvency.

Although the GA'er assumes responsibilities for all debts, including those owed to bookmakers and shylocks, a plan always provides for family needs first. Nevertheless, GA'ers, each of whom after making financial accountings of themselves have had to go to their creditors to negotiate new arrangements with them, have received unexpected co-operation from financial men.

Money troubles, however, cannot always be measured in dollars and cents. "I got to the point I couldn't face my wife," one chubby fellow recalled. "The week before I came here I had stayed out seven nights straight without

even calling home or giving a thought to calling home."

"Want an idea of what my homelife had gotten to be like? Well, my wife and I hadn't spoken to each other in two months. I got to where I went to sex movies and masturbated; that's how degenerate gambling had made my life."

Faced with foreclosures, discovered embezzlement, divorce suits and bad checks piling up in the local D.A.'s office, desperation sets in and suicide may appear to be the gambler's only recourse.

"One night I drove my cab across the Brooklyn Bridge three times looking for an opening in the rail," a curly-haired office worker related soberly. "I was working two office jobs and driving the cab on weekends, but I just couldn't keep up financially. Things were hopeless."

Another awakened in Bellevue Hospital after swallowing sleeping pills. "I took stock of myself," he smirked. "This is what gambling has done to you," I told myself. But did I stop? Of course not, a week later I was back at the track."

"When I applied for psychiatric treatment at one of the City's low cost clinics, they rejected my application saying they had limited facilities and therefore treated only disorders which they felt were curable." As he spoke, this "incurable" gambler had gone over a year without placing a bet.

Despite its success in keeping gamblers out of trouble, GA insists compulsive gambling is incurable and at best can only be controlled or arrested. "Without Gamblers Anonymous, we would all eventually go back to gambling," a writer in the GA Bulletin comments. Concurrently, testimonials abound with such statements as "I am a compulsive gambler. I was born a compulsive gambler and when I die, I'll be a dead compulsive gambler."

The public's image of the gambler is someone who is glib, fast and amusing. But in contrast, GA meetings are almost strikingly somber. The humor is scanty, dry and ironic; nothing could be called flashy or frivolous.

"I went to a psychiatrist on Monday morning," one fellow began, smiling as he spoke. "That afternoon I was at the track; the psychiatrist was in the third row. Tuesday afternoon I was at the track; my psychiatrist was in the third row again. And Wednesday. And Thursday. And Friday I said to myself, 'that guy can help me.'" (laughter)

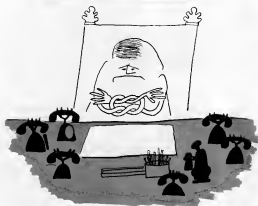
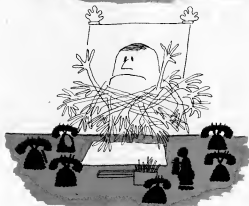
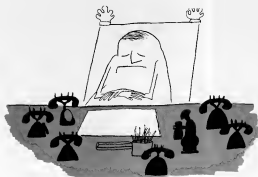
While compulsive gamblers share some common problems, in other ways they differ. Some enjoy all forms of betting; others are "hooked" on only one particular game. "I'm a flats man myself," a paunchy insurance salesman reflected. "Never could get excited over the trotters where the horses have their legs tied together."

"I'm an oddball gambler," another confessed. "When I first began betting on sports, I didn't know anything about how the games were played or anything. I never watched them either, not even those I had lots of money riding on. I only wanted to know the outcome and whether I had won or lost."

"Same thing at the track. While people were screaming in the stands, I'd be in the bar enjoying a drink or curled up under a nearby tree with a good book. The race never excited me; I just wanted to know the outcome..."

The door burst open. A young woman stood in the doorway. Her eyes were red and swollen; she twisted a handkerchief in her hands. "My husband's downstairs," she pleaded tearfully. "He won't come up. Won't you men help me?" Two members joined her in the hallway. The meeting was continuing when they quietly returned

(Continued on page 46)



Marvotti

a few minutes later, bringing a new face along with them. "I lost three jobs for juggling books," a dapper little fellow was saying. "That's the only way I could cover my debts. Every time I got caught at it too and nearly went to jail. But no, I didn't stop gambling. I just got a new job and began stealing all over again."

To keep from returning to the life which drives him to theft and makes his life a shambles, each GA'er organizes his activities on a twenty-four hour basis. Each day he tells himself, "I will not gamble today. I don't say I won't tomorrow or that I didn't yesterday, but today I will not gamble." Nevertheless his daily struggle may not always be successful.

"Last week I found myself on the bus heading for the track," one member admitted. "I didn't want to go. I didn't even know why I was going. Thank God, I managed to get off the bus one stop this side of the track and call Bill there (pointing). After we talked a while, I headed back to the city."

These incidents are common especially during racing season. To guard against such backsliding GA, like other anonymous groups, furnishes each member with a list of numbers to call anytime he fears he might be losing control. Whatever the circumstances, GA'ers take special pride in successfully resisting reinvolvement.

"Any action, Joe," a bookmaker had cheerfully greeted one member upon accidentally bumping into him on the subway.

"Nah, I'm off the horses," the gambler responded. The bookie laughed disbelievingly. Self-consciously the gambler showed him a GA booklet he happened to have in his vest pocket.

"I can hardly believe it," the bookie gasped. "All I can say is good work, boy. Keep it up. Stay away. You'll be better off for it."

"Imagine that. Even the bookie thought it was a good idea," the speaker smiled as he recalled the incident.

Although GA is open to everyone, its membership has remained predominantly male, Caucasian and middle class. GA'ers regret this, pointing out that their only membership requirement is a genuine desire to stop gambling.

GA has no dues and it's a custom that whenever the collection plate passes, anyone may give or take 25c to \$2 depending on his circumstances. Nevertheless, racial minorities and the economically underprivileged for some reason do not join.

"Once I was in a card game in L.A.," the chapter's only female member began. Her speech was rapid, efficient and clipped; her features sharp but petite. "As you all know, cards are my weakness. Well, in the middle of a hand some guy dropped dead of a heart attack at the next table. Do you know that we didn't miss a draw? They tossed him on a stretcher and toted him away, but we were too enthralled to be concerned."

While many GA'ers talk openly and at length, others are not always so verbal. It may be weeks before a recruit chokily admits his condition to himself and others. When a newcomer rises for the first time, if only to say, "My name is Bob and I am a compulsive gambler," he receives a welcoming encouraging applause.

While more and more people are joining every day, the actual number of compulsive gamblers, and therefore GA's theoretical potential membership, remains unknown.

"Twenty-two thousand of the twenty-five thousand at the track right now are compulsive gamblers," one enthusiast asserted.

"You're dreaming," an ex-track haunter interjected.

"Most people can go to the track. Others are compulsive gamblers. Now take my brother as an example; he can just go to the track. I can't."

Not only do gamblers disagree among themselves as to prevalence of compulsive gambling, they also differ as to what extent each gambler should expunge games of chance from his life. For instance, should the man with only a weakness for cards or craps avoid everything else?

One fellow felt that five years of therapy had given him an understanding of why he gambled. "Yet," he pondered, "while I am hopeless at the track, I enjoy playing poker with the in-laws immensely. Our games never get steep, and I don't have any urge to make them steep. I'm only 'gone' on horses so why should I give up cards if they don't cause me any trouble?"

Many gamblers would take issue with the above, arguing that even the family poker game is potentially dangerous to any compulsive gambler. "You should not even buy car chances at the church bazaar," they warn. Still others disagree, saying it is entirely dependent on the individual gambler and his personality. However, all emphasize that each gambler must stay entirely clear of any game he has a weakness for.

"For instance," a young Irishman emphasized with a trace of a brogue, "if a guy is hooked on horses, he better avoid the TV races and the daily newspaper's scratch sheet. Any guy who doesn't, thinking he can keep up on the track and not become reinvolvement, is deluding himself."

Not only the control and possibility of "cure" for compulsive gambling, but also what produces it is open to speculation. Most GA'ers claim to have found simple games of chance exciting from early childhood. "When we were eight or nine years old, we would sit on a fence watching the older men roll craps," an elderly Italian reminisced. "We'd sometimes call the cops so we could grab the money and dice when they came. Then we'd use the money and dice to play craps among ourselves."

"You see, I grew up among people who liked to gamble," he noted sadly. "They still do and my friends, some of whom I've known for forty years, still talk about the horses a great deal of the time. Since I've joined GA, it makes me nervous to be around them when they start talking about the track. I have to avoid them because of my gambling problem, it's either them or me."

"I had a perfect introduction to the races," a brown-eyed exporter smirked, his lip curling slightly. "A friend told me what horses were fixed. I won the first fifteen bets I ever placed, but ultimately it was my undoing. By the way, anybody who tries to tell you the horses are on the level is out of his head."

Later, an awkward, deep-voiced accountant told of using his early winnings to become a shylock. Nevertheless, his success was a short-lived one, and he risked both profits and capital on tips, ending up heavily in debt once again.

A similar twist of fortune befell one of the women in Gamanon, an organization composed of wives of GA members. A bookie's wife, who was used to fur coats and a new Cadillac every year, divorced her husband and remarried a compulsive gambler. She came to Gamanon after finding herself on the other side of the table, unable to pay even food bills because her husband left most of his pay checks at the local bookmaker's.

As his debts increase, every gambler talks of "the big killing" and how he will quit once he makes it. "Well, one day I made it," one fellow beamed through thick glasses. "I had over \$4,500 in my pocket. That would've paid all

(Continued on page 52)



"Souvenir photo, sir?"

MASERATI



la vecchia





e la nuova



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LETTERS

(Last issue, Bob Abel attacked Gene Lees' June blast at jazz critics. Here is Mr. Lees' counter-reply.—Ed.)

I'm still a singer, though I chose to cool it for a couple of years until I learned to play guitar sufficiently well to be able to execute my conceptions fully. Meantime, I am more deeply involved in the music business than ever. More and more of my income is coming from lyrics to songs written in collaborations with Lalo Schifano, Gary McFarland, Bill Evans, and others. I have just been asked to do the lyrics for a Broadway musical and, if the business details can be settled to my satisfaction, will be hard at work on it presently.

None of this has lessened my disgust with the music business. We who care and are involved with American music fight a constant battle against indifference and stupidity and corruption in the business. I will go on saying so publicly as long as there is breath in my body. Recently in a review I put down a record that contained a lyric of mine and on which I stand to make a good deal of money. But the record is crap and I said so.

So far as my "prejudice" goes, there isn't one critic I discussed whom I dislike personally. Nat Hentoff and I are even friends, in a loose sort of way. We agree on most subjects, particularly on what is wrong with the music business. We have certain basic differences on esthetics. I think Nat is wrong in one or two of his basic tenets, and that's what I said. So far as discussions of criticism are concerned, Nat started them with a column in the now-defunct *Jazz Review*, called *Jazz in Print*. Healthy public debate on esthetics has never been damaging. What is damaging is the intense factionalism of the present jazz audience, as illustrated by Mr. Abel's letter. He is not involved in the business but he has all sorts of opinions. Nat and I are involved and we know what we're talking about, whether or not we agree.

As for my "low blows," Abel's opening lines are a deliberate attempt to land one on me which, fortunately, misses. If I give him a headache, I wish he'd do me the favor of ceasing to read me. I in turn will promise to do the same for him.

Acknowledgments: Cover, pp. 53-57, Bill Hamilton—Frings; pp. 14-17, Frink Eck; pp. 23-25, Bill Neufeld; pp. 30-35, Maurice Forester.

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The sleek eye-stopper juxtaposed with the type 151 racer on pages 48-9 is Maserati's new passenger car. At lower right on page 51 a famous predecessor, the birdcage, type 60, is shown racing. Kin to the thoroughbred Maserati competition line, the Frua Maserati GT has inherited the stirring performance of its cousins, while vesting the passenger in unparalleled comfort. Designed by Frua in the "fastback" style, the GT has an ample luggage compartment, floored with red, velvety moquette, under which the spare tire rests. The oversize rear window lifts for access to the trunk space. The interior of the Frua is highlighted by luxurious red leather upholstery. Designed for two, there is a rear compartment with room for occasional passengers. It is a personal car. One cannot glance at its masculine, efficient dash or its rugged exterior lines without visualizing oneself at the wheel, speeding to Cannes with a voluptuous companion for a sojourn in the sun. The Frua's powerplant develops 260 horsepower at 5500 r.p.m., sufficient to propel it to 150 m.p.h. It is the standard Maserati in-line six, fed by Lucas fuel injection and fired by a dual ignition system with two sparkplugs per cylinder. Total displacement is 3500 cc's with a nine to one compression ratio. The five forward gears afford blinding acceleration in the low range, yet, in fifth gear, the engine whispers at American highway limits. The aluminum body appears substantial, but not heavy or cumbersome, as it is balanced by expansive window glass area. Sloping down from the windshield, the hood blends smoothly with the bumper and grill structure, itself rakishly tilted and broadly suggestive of speed. The Frua has a box chassis and disc brakes. Some features which will endear this distinctive passenger Maserati, in production at Modena, Italy, to its fortunate possessor are huge doors which provide marvelous accessibility, an adjustable steering column, and sumptuous crimson crocodile skin adorning the sides of the luggage compartment. The clutch is soft even to a lady's foot; all control pedals are large, well positioned. The instruments cluster cosily around the steering column to provide maximum readability. The 3500 cc Frua GT is clearly a gentleman's car for the elite. A nice piece of work . . . if you can get it.

NEW 3500 GT/FRUA



TEXT/JAMES McDERMOTT





TYPED BIRDSEAGE



my debts and left me with a thousand to boot. But I didn't stop gambling; this big-killing talk is only rationalization. I used every cent for more action money and ended up worse off than before."

Agreeing that the gambler sees all money, including any "big-killing," as just so much more action money, a salesman who spent several hours every day walking recalled having seven thousand dollars stashed in the bottom of his cupboard. "Still I wouldn't touch a cent of it," he reflected, "and I even wore cardboard in the bottom of my shoe to avoid getting new soles. Just so I would have that extra two bucks for the track."

Another told of going to Maryland with \$5000 "big-killing" dollars in his pocket. After arriving by jet, taking a private limousine to the track and waging heavy bets on four races, he found himself with only \$1.35 left, eating a sandwich in a greasy spoon and wondering how he could bum a ride back to New York.

In the same vein, GA'ers' wives claim that, when gambling, their husbands with pockets full of money would try to borrow an extra dollar or two before heading to the track. Therefore, many Gamanon members used to hide their purses from their spouses to keep enough money for groceries during the coming week.

Working in such a tangled social and financial maze, GA attempts to help the gambler in need while simultaneously trying to convince the public that compulsive gambling is as "respectable" an affliction as alcoholism. So far they have enjoyed the unanimous support of the mass media.

In several major cities on both the East and West Coasts radio and TV stations announce GA organizational meetings. Recently a religious organization spent thousands of dollars producing a film concerning a compulsive gambler and his 'redemption' through GA.

Those few critics of anonymous groups, such as Gamblers Anonymous, charge that their credos, recovery programs, etc., are like those of some religious cults. Especially in therapy sessions, participants do appear to undergo emotional experiences similar to those of religious converts who are 'born again' at rural tent meetings.

However, GA espouses no theology. The professed belief in "a Power greater than self" is undefined and for each member is "a Power of his own understanding." More explicitly, Gamanon has four "Don't" rules for its meetings, one of which is "Don't discuss religion!" Nevertheless GA's rapid growth has undeniably been helped by the semi-religious zeal of its membership.

The first night's meeting closed, as is the custom, with a recitation. "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference." Then the men joined their wives who had prepared refreshments in an adjoining lounge.

Wives do not participate in their husbands' therapy meetings and only rarely do their organization, Gamanon, and GA hold joint meetings. The Bronx Chapter's anniversary celebration, however, was an exception with not only member's wives attending but some of their co-workers and grown children as well.

It was time for reflection, the chairman said. GA chapters were mushrooming across the country. In the five years since GA began in Los Angeles, it had spread into sixteen states and three foreign countries.

"Still," he sighed, "locally we've been making only slow progress in our efforts to get into Sing Sing." Later I learned GA'ers believe a high percentage of convicts are behind bars because of their gambling habits.

They point out that Alcoholics Anonymous has done successful work in many prisons and say they want to do some of the same. New Jersey's Attorney General apparently agrees that gambling is behind some crime. He called the Newark GA Chapter to welcome them to the state, adding that he was sure their presence could help decrease crime in the area.

Although GA's "Unity Program" provides "Gamblers Anonymous should forever remain non-professional" and many gamblers insist therapists don't understand them, the anniversary meeting's speaker was a psychiatrist who had worked with some compulsive gamblers.

Launching into a complicated Freudian analysis of aggression, Oedipus complexes and responsibility, he suggested that elements of chance play a part in countless everyday activities such as the purchase and/or exchange of ordinary household goods.

While he felt compulsive gambling developed from childhood environment, he insisted that it might not be obvious in later life. "For instance," he asserted, "how many stock-market speculators are really compulsive gamblers? Just because someone plays the market instead of the horses doesn't mean he's not basically a compulsive gambler. The question arises, 'Is he compulsive, and does he subconsciously want to lose?'"

Later his talk was sharply criticized. "Who does he think he is," one irritated gambler grumbled. "Hell, I gamble to win. This guy sees five people at twenty-five bucks an hour, then sets himself up as the world's authority on compulsive gambling! Maybe he needs a psychiatrist himself!"

Another GA'er's wife disagreed. Siding with the speaker, she argued his theory was valid. "Take my husband," she gestured, pointing in the direction of one of those helping serve the food. "He gave up gambling and turned to coin collecting but he stayed 'compulsive.' He stays up sometimes into the wee hours of the morning poring over his coin books; now he's a compulsive coin collector!" She shrugged bitterly.

The meeting over, I wandered about the room talking to the guests over bagels and coffee. "Our group has always been a little clannish," one member confided, "but here we let down our hair like we never could to a psychiatrist."

"Nonsense," his associate countered, "we're not 'that' clannish, we have too much variety. Look here tonight, we have a half dozen businessmen, another half dozen salesmen, some cab drivers and a few factory workers." He looked proudly around the room.

An out-of-towner claimed compulsive gambling was much more serious than drinking. "You go down geometrically," he elaborated. "How much can a guy drink? But look, there's no limit to how much you can gamble away." He made a throat-slitting gesture in illustration.

The chairman stopped over to welcome me back to GA; tucked under his arm were some booklets. "Don't forget to give our national address, Gamblers Anonymous, Box 17173, Los Angeles 17, California," he chided. Then, excusing himself, he joined a fellow waiting dejectedly on the other side of the room. They began to talk in low tones.

"Just came in tonight," a dark-haired chap with onyx rimmed glasses volunteered. "Talked to him a couple minutes ago. Seems in a bad way; maybe he needs a program."

"Maybe so," I agreed, watching the two men conversing earnestly, inaudibly, just outside the doorway. •

I
UNA
CITTÀ
DI
CONTRASTO

In the mist of a spring morning a shapely Milanese whispers a goodbye to her lover while a fishwife interrupts her throaty advertisements to attend an early customer. In the afternoon an American, fatigued by screech and bustle, seeks haven in the religious quiet of a small cafe where he is served in quiet dignity. On a still night poignant strains of an Italian opera drift from La Scala Opera house into the silken boudoirs of chic courtesans. At midnight the flash of a red Ferrari knives through the vegetable carts lying empty for tomorrow's provender. These contrasts are Milan, and Milan is a city of contrast. It can be as lush as a dewy rose



or as stark as a Roman wall. It is not unusual for a pagan temple to flank a Christian basilica. The Piazzale della Repubblica is a modern com-



plex of buildings which strikes a bold comparison with the time-worn marble Il duomo Cathedral, erected stone by stone for ten gen-

erations. Milan is twenty-four centuries old, having survived the ravages of Attila, the cruelty of the Inquisition, and the invasions of the Goths and Longobardians. The city is in the lee of the Alps, tucked in the center of the northern province of Lombardy, widely known as the "beginning of the Italian sun." Lombardy is known for its dairy farming, of little interest to any Milanese, save the chefs, who use butter generously in their rich sauces and specialty dishes. The climate is temperate and mild. If one looks for extremes, he can find them in the torrid Italian Riviera or the Alpine peaks of Monte Rosa, both under three hours



driving distance. The internationally famed road race, Mille Miglia, rages around Lombardy, starting at Brescia, not far from Milan. Monza starts at the city's gates. Each year the Vigorelli Velodrome in Milan is the starting and finishing point for the Giro d'Italia, a bicycle race in which Europeans take passionate interest. During the racing season grim files of

cyclists are seen training in the city's trafficked streets. An American in Milan is treated as a man blessed. He is trailed by ubiquitous street gamins who beg tirelessly for lira, believing streets in America to be paved with gold. What does the young man do while sojourning in Milan? If of an artistic turn of mind he can visit the Brera Picture Gallery and view the Italian Master's



PHOTOS/BILL HAMILTON-PRANGE





paintings. Perhaps a spirited soccer match in the afternoon. And for his dining pleasure . . . Now he is getting down to Milan's serious business, for, in this city every meal is given the attention of a last supper—which work, painted by Leonardo, is on a wall in the refectory of the monastery to the Church of St. Maria delle Grazie in Milan. Specialties of the Lombardy

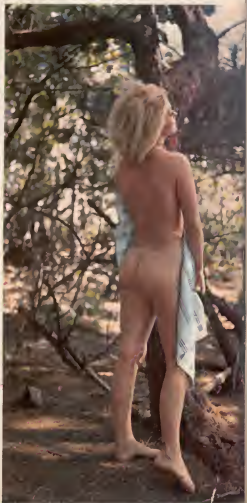
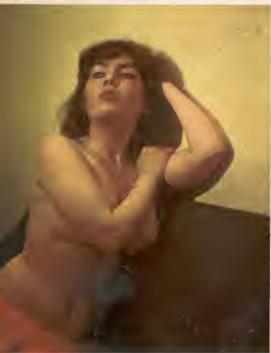
region include Zuppa Pavese (soup with egg), Minestrone, Brescia or Bergamo Ravioli, Guinea Hen prepared in clay, and Risotto alla Milanese. In addition our young gentleman can be tempted by dishes based on local Gorgonzola, Mascherpone, Bel Paese, and Taleggio cheese. Proud Milanese Maitre D's will drown him in wine, wine, wine. If he's smart he'll





try the local grape—Sassella, Grumello, Facia, or Predorino. He won't have any trouble finding a dining companion either. If our gentleman *really* has followed our prescription of soccer and art to whet his evening appetite, he will have found countless curvaceous distractions eager for eyes to turn

from a soccer ball or a Madonna towards them. Unless he is an obtuse tourist, he will soon realize that lots of European gals have discovered Milan too, in hopes of being themselves discovered! Our traveler will skip with his lady fair to La Maggolina, Maxime, or Gatto Verde for some night life after din-



ing. And the next day? Let Escapade's photographs be his guide: A sail on nearby Lake Verbano (p. 57); a picnic outside the city limits near Pavia (p. 56); a swim in Lake Maggiore (p. 55); or, if not an outside guy, a quiet day of music in her apartment (p. 54, left). Afterwards, a lover's misty morn goodbye . . .





**"The
usual
please,
Fritz!"**

HOW OLD MOVIES HAD ME IN
FEARFUL PURSUIT OF THE OLD
WORLD ■ BY RICHARD CURTIS

A spate of espionage film reruns on television a while back revived a daydream I'd always nurtured. But whereas in the past I was content to leave it to gather barnacles in the snug harbor of fantasy, this time some primordial urge impelled me to bring forth what psychoanalysts of a certain school call a "cerebral tugboat"—and usher my daydream into the treacherous shoals of action.



In these movies, which are invariably set in Vienna, Berlin, Stockholm or Rothenbach-in-Emmental, the hero frequents a certain cafe. The moment he steps through the door he is recognized by the proprietor, who salutes him with a not overly familiar nod and then gestures unobtrusively to a waiter. The waiter bids the hero a gracious if formal good day or good evening, depending on the hour, and inquires of his health with a tone of genuine solicitude. Addressing the waiter by his Christian name, which is always Fritz, the hero responds

with a flippancy quite out of keeping with the true precariousness of his existence at that moment, as he is being hunted by foreign agents, local police, border guards, his best friend, the heroine, the sanitation department and two ministers of the Common Market, all of whom are bent on dispatching him with splendid little pistols that hardly extend beyond one's palm. Anyway, the waiter leads the hero to the most desirable table in the house, which is always reserved just for him. Then, with a low bow, the waiter clears his throat and softly murmurs:

"Shall it be the usual, sir?"

Every time I see such a scene, my heart sucks up deep draughts of adrenalin and pounds wildly through the rest of the film. However dramatic the climax, even when our hero, cornered either in a sewer or a ski-lift, is ducking great quantities of small bore ammunition dire at him from the above-mer palms—even then, I say, I'm moved to the vertiginous heights of inspiration by that stirring the cafe.

For, men, what else gratifying than to



Albert Dorne



Norman Rockwell



Al Parker



Jon Whitecomb



Austin Briggs



Ben Stahl



Fred Ludewig



Robert Fawcett



George Glosi



Harold Von Schmidt



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Steven Dehane

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We decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves learned through long, successful experience.

Illustrating this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting... lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Pool had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two

years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising illustrator, earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: "Thanks to your course, I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to \$100 each."

Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Burton had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

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your own restaurant—where a discreet proprietor hustles you off to a select table, a devoted waiter chills your favorite vintage wine before you are halfway to your corner, and the chef begins straggloning your beef at the sound of your heels on the carpet?

For a long time I cherished the dream of such a setup, but the itinerant nature of my work—vagrantry—made it impossible for me to visit one particular restaurant either regularly or frequently. But at last I reached an end to my wanderings and settled in that section of Manhattan known as Yorkville, which has a large Teutonic and Saxon population, though a small but loyal knot of Ostrogoths is known to hold out in the Upper East Seventies. The abundance of German, Viennese and Bavarian restaurants here fired me with visions of finding one where I'd receive the ultrapersonal attention I'd always yearned for. And so as soon as I'd found employ and put my affairs on something of a schedule, I sallied forth to locate a dining spot which would fill all the particulars.

Of the first six places sampled, I rejected four and was ejected from two. The grounds for these frictions (to borrow electronic phraseology) are too various to detail, but you can understand that anyone with a fantasy as elaborate and particular as mine is not going to cotton to any old hashhouse, nor is he going to be tolerated by all of them.

It finally dawned on me that I was taking too direct an approach. The German people, it must be borne in mind, are nothing if they are not subtle. One only has to contemplate the case of *Bahnhof Blitzkrieg* to see this truth exemplified, *Blitzkrieg* being a man of such infinite subtlety that few people realize he is the present king of Germany. Subtlety being the outstanding quality of the people I was dealing with, I saw I'd have to be more oblique if I wanted to succeed.

Oblique, subtle, patient and ravenously hungry—these describe the writer at the moment when he discovered Farfel's on East 84th Street. The second he stepped into its oaken and porcelain luxuriance he—oh, this is ridiculous—I knew I'd found the embodiment of all I'd longed for: heavy oak tables covered with gingham cloths and matching napkins and candles; gaily colored steins lined up (in size place) before a mirrored bar; individual cuckoo clocks, carved cunningly out of yak antler, over each table; a zitherette (lady zither player) of no small skill; and a porcine proprietor whose stubby neck promised a nod of precisely the yaw, pitch and roll required. Calculating, militantly methodical, I surveyed the battleground and formulated a set-piece strategy along the lines laid down by von Schleffen, Clausewitz and Jodl.

The important thing, it was clear, was to distinguish myself from the common run of customers so that I would be recognized instantly whenever I came in. With this purpose I sat down at the bar. Behind it stood the proprietor, Farfel, polishing the flip-top silver lid of a stein with a chamars. "I'd like a *Ganze Geduldspiel* on the dry side."

His eyes registered confusion. "*Ganze* . . . ?"

"You know, two parts *kirsch*, one part *schnapps*, a tigger of *liebsteuermilch* and just a pinch of *böck beer*."

He nodded peevishly and started to collect the ingredients. "We don't get too much call for such a drink," he

stated as it may, you'll have call for it at least once a month now on—every Wednesday at seven."

"What is to happen then?"

"A little less subtle than I'd have liked. In my impression he bordered on the imbecile."

"What is to be a regular customer here."

"It is Tuesday, and it is eight o'clock."

"I was just testing to see how you handle a sudden change in routine." I told him my name and, leaning confidentially over the bar, murmured, "I'm in espionage of a sort. Shhhhh."

His eyebrows raised and his eyes darted left and right with gratifying cupidity. He leaned closer as I elaborated. "I'm a comparison shopper for a Seventh Avenue sportswear manufacturer. I'm sure you'd recognize his name if I told it to you, but I'm obliged to disclose no more to you at this time. I trust," I said, slipping him a five dollar bill, "that this information will remain strictly between us, whatever pressures are brought to bear on you to reveal it."

"But of course," he replied with a sly wink. He went to the cash register. When he returned he handed me \$3.50. "I wasn't sure how much to charge for a *Ganze Geduldspiel*, but \$1.50 seemed fair." Suppressing a sigh, I pocketed my change. Farfel announced that the waiter would carry my drink to the table. "Willibald!" he called, snapping his fingers at a huge bald *übermenschen*.

"Listen," I said quickly, "do you have anyone with leonine white hair and tragic eyes named Fritz? You see, in *The Third Man* . . ."

Farfel scowled as he went over his employee list. "We have no Fritz, but we do have a *Friederich* with vulpine red hair and melodramatic—you might say Viennese light operatic—eyes. Shall I . . . ?"

"No, I'll stick to—Willibald." I gulped his name down, and part of my fantasy went down with it.

Willibald featured aquiline baldness and bedroom farcical eyes, and he bowed rather perfunctorily as far as I was concerned. Farfel said, "This is Mr. Kurtz . . ."

"Herr Curtis," I corrected him.

"Yes, Herr Curtis. Will you carry his drink to—oh, let's give him table number *funfundzwanzig*, since he is going to be a regular." Farfel patted my arm and gave me a reassuring nod. I thought his head bobbed a bit too much when it reached perigee, but this could be corrected on future visits.

Willibald led me to a table which stood directly in front of an immense air conditioner, which blew half a dozen ribbons into my face. "This is unsatisfactory," I said petulantly, for I saw my dreams threatened. "What's wrong with number *dreundzwanzig* in the corner?"

"Nothing, sir. I can give it to you tonight, since it is Tuesday at eight. But if you are to be here regularly Wednesdays at seven, this is the only table I can give you. I thought you might as well begin adapting yourself to its rather trying conditions immediately. Mr. Fritz Lebensraum has the corner table Wednesdays at seven."

"How the deuce"—a phrase I'd picked up in the garment district—"how the deuce did you find out when I plan to dine?"

"You mentioned it a page or two back, remember?" he replied cannily. Though a Fritz he was not in any respect, he did have a redeeming Old World shrewdness, and his fingernails were clean.

"I see. Well then, give me the corner table now, and I'll change my dining hour to Tuesdays at eight." I slipped him \$3.50.

He handed the money back to me. "You pay when presented with the check," he explained, carrying my drink to table 23 and offering me a menu.

I tucked it away. "I have a special dish—*Wurstgemeinschaft mit Gemüth Hohenzollern*. Think you can rustle it up and have it hot and ready for me at this hour each week?" I gave him the recipe, a kind of pickled veal hocks in a broth of cabbage juice, capers, gruyere cheese and warm sour cream. He said he'd try. He ran off to the kitchen muttering, and I summoned the zither player.

(Continued on page 62)

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At this point I must explain that a major source of irritation in the cafes I'd tried earlier was the lack of competent rather *essenmusik*. This cafe vision of mine was audible as well as visual: the incidental music had to be supplied by a zither. Few of us realize how few good players are left in the world. I admit to having been callous to this fact myself, even after the abortive zither promotion of '61 made many of us (who knew what to look for) suspicious that a crisis was developing. The reasons for this lamentable trend are almost inextricably interwoven with the most profound forces shaping our times, but one is easily distinguishable. You see, the tortoise slaughter in the late 1950's badly pinched off the supply line of shell for plectra. And so until the bumper crop of chelonian war babies (as zoologists have termed the surplus of turtles produced after a decimation in order to prevent extinction) matures late in the 1990's, zitherists will have either to pluck their instruments with their fingernails (which produces a harsh, calcareous plink), or use the inferior plectra made of beluga bone. These are known to snap on F above high C, a crucial note on the zither scale, as anyone with more than passing acquaintance with the instrument can tell you. Neither prospect is likely to give those following developments reason for optimism, and, as one hard-headed folk musician put it, "Who the hell wants to wait until 1990?" Thus the big trend towards guitars.

To get back to the story line proper, Farfel's zitherette was a comely *madchen* with ochre tresses, glacier-blue eyes and a beluga plectrum. "And what's your name, Schatz?" "Hedwig Minnesinger."

She giggled as I chuckled her under the chin. "Do you know 'Kommi! Hebe dich zu hohen Sphären! Wenn er dich ansetzt, folgt er nach?'"

"Kommi again?"



"Here, sweetheart, this will make you grow."

"Forget it. Just play *Bei Mir Bist Du Schon*. But listen . . ." I dropped my voice to a cloak-and-daggered whisper and, with a furtive air of intrigue, attempted to draw her near by thrusting a finger down the bodice of her peasant dress. Her zither hit me in the glottis, however, and I had to rasp my message: "If there should ever be danger and you have to communicate with me, just play the opening measures of Bach's partita number three for unaccompanied clavidonga. Now get thee hence." I tucked \$3.50 into the sound box of her instrument.

"I am not sure if the score will cost that much," she said, wrinkling her nose coquettishly, "but I will bring you change next time you drop by." I could see that she was a girl who didn't know the score.

Well, as you've probably guessed, the ensuing weeks brought no improvement in the deplorable confusion at Farfel's. If anything it deteriorated. No matter how often and how regularly I showed up, no matter how patiently I explained my tastes, no matter how liberal my gratuities, and no matter how easy I made it for them to remember me—I even wore lederhosen and skis for three weeks running—they were incapable of meeting my wishes. Not a meal went by in which something was not overlooked, mixed up or ruined, and as often as not that something was me.

And so, with burdened heart, I gave up Farfel's and began dining at the 86th Street Automat. Though the food there isn't sensational, their zitherist is uncommonly good.

I stayed away from Farfel's for about a year, and then one night I dropped in on a whim, which I left on the whim rack near the hat-check room. Imagine my astonishment when, after greeting me with an absolutely punctilious nod, Farfel reached for the ingredients of my *Ganze Geduldspiel* and mixed it—on the dry side the way I liked it—without a word; Hedwig struck up "Kommi etc. etc." on the zither; and Willibald signalled the chef to warm up my hocks. Willi then led me to my corner table, where I collapsed in a daze and took a deep slug of my alcoholic gallimaufry. When I'd finally recovered my equilibrium, which had fallen into my lap when I placed my napkin there, I said, "Willi, I can't understand it. For months I came every Tuesday at eight and you never got anything straight. Now I drop by capriciously and the whole restaurant is mobilized to accommodate me. What's going on here?"

"Tuesday at eight? Strange." He scratched his head, thoughtfully covering my plate with his other hand as he probed his scalp. "We have been expecting you every Wednesday at seven."

"But that's Friml Lebensraum's hour!"

"Ah, you tease me, sir. You are Friml Lebensraum."

"No, you dunce, I'm Kurtz—er, Kurtis!"

"Then what have you done with Lebens . . . ah, of course." He muted his voice and nodded comprehendingly.

"Of course what?"

"Why sir, your line of work. Espionage, eh? Lebensraum has been . . ." Willi made a quacking sound that supposedly represented the report of a palm-sized pistol.

It took me only a second to catch on. Then I smiled mysteriously. "Can you be trusted, Willi?"

"Implicitly, sir."

"Then let's have no further mention of it."

"But of course."

Hungry as Joseph Cotten in *The Third Man*, I pitched into my *Hohenzollern* while Hedwig, spying a man with a raincoat surveying the room, surreptitiously switched to the opening bars of the Bach partita for clavidonga.

I never did find out what happened to Lebensraum. Tangled with Interpol, no doubt, or with the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union.



the last word

We propose now to discuss one of America's most conspicuous but least commented upon social problems: namely, the unwed father. Lest we seem presumptuous in trespassing on the serious, sociological domain of Richard Fittington Gallagher, author of "The First Word" and acid commentator on the passing scene, let it be said here that we were only recently made aware of a clear and present danger and wish to communicate our alarm immediately.

Today, during the breakdown of American morals and traditional values (see the magazines featuring condensed stories), this phenomenon of unwed fatherhood might very well prove to be the proverbial straw. How long can a nation, dedicated to the principles of family unity, survive the onslaught of masculine irresponsibility? There are among you, we know, sceptics unwilling to face this grave new threat to the republic, so this column, then, is directed to those who refuse the pose of ostriches. Those courageous realists, intent on facing the grim facts and dedicated to furthering reforms, are probably the majority in of today.

Yes, Virginia, there is such an animal as the unwed father, and from what we can gather from statistics is unwed mother, the number is growing. This increase in the state of unwed fatherhood should arouse a number of people concerned who hitherto have been oblivious of the problem.

For example, have the citizens of a certain New York burg famous for their political persuasion considered how many unwed fathers are, at this very moment, polluting welfare checks? Moreover are not these parasites, no so do wells in many cases repeated offenders against the moral code?

But, for those citizens interested in social and community work, other problems arise. Where, the humane and good-

personate man might ask, is a home in which unwed fathers may reside during the "triving months"? With so much money being appropriated by Congress for the creation of social agencies, surely the lack of such an institution should be rectified. For, it will be in such a home, filled with love and tenderness, that an unwed father's damaged psyche may be rebuilt to prepare him for the problems of real fatherhood. We must, in this context, consider the tender age of many unwed fathers. Recently, in the foothills of the Andes, a Chilean unwed father only nine years old was discovered by a group of German anthropologists.

It is probably useless, if not superfluous, to comment upon the well-publicized population explosion. Suffice it to say that the problem of unwed fatherhood is directly related to the increase of children.

However, though the problems be grave, there is a ray of light amidst all this bleakness. The problem of unwed fatherhood should supply the plot and theme to thousands of TV and movie hack writers who have all but exhausted their rather thin supply of "problem" stories. Had the discovery of this unhappy situation come about sooner, programs like "Last Day, West Side" might have been spared the sponsor's awe.

Those interested in delving into the problem at greater length should address a card to Union of Newborn Wantons in Escaped Dad (UNWED), 41 Union St., Passum Trust, India. A free brochure with lovely illustrations will be mailed out immediately.

Follow this column next month for another fascinating study in American mores and morals. The title of our forthcoming piece in "The Last Word" will be: "How Your Psychiatrist Tells Everything About You To Friends At Cocktail Parties."

By Chester Krone •



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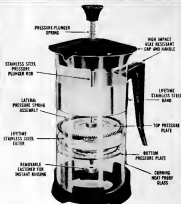
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THE ELEPHANT

A story by Leslie Garrett

When Robert Blessing, at thirty-three, began writing love letters to himself his mother said that that was the end, she could take no more.

She had known about the letters for some time. Three months before he had left the first of them, as if carelessly forgotten, on his bureau, knowing she would read it. It was from a fictitious girl at a fictitious address, neatly typed—probably by her son during lunch hour. The next letters she found related lurid bits about shared experiences, and in the next to last she—or he—had written mystically of her “singing breasts.” The letters were confined to physical descriptions and enumerations of his prowess. The latter ones mentioned his “winged throbbing soul.”

In the letter she had found yesterday, left cunningly now knowing she would look for them rolled up into a pair of his socks, the girl intimated that she suspected she was enceinte, and perhaps she would have to have an abortion; but, this was no problem as her parents were quite wealthy and “modern” about such things. There had even been enclosed in one of the letters a picture of the girl, an extraordinarily beautiful girl, and where in the world Robert had gotten it she did not know, unless he had found it on the street or stolen it from someone he knew.

She could not understand it. Robert had been an excellent, although indolent, student in high school, and now, at thirty-three, he was only an assistant mailroom supervisor for a stock brokerage, and writing himself love letters. She shook her head in shame. Robert had been more intelligent than her sister Wilma's boy, and now he was a promising lawyer, and Robert was a clerk. She could hardly face her sister any more, and this thought made her even more bitter toward Robert. Consequently, that morning she sat waiting for him at the breakfast table with a tight, drawn mouth.

When Robert appeared, he sat with his elbows out sprawled across the table as usual, bleary-eyed, inarticulate, and swollen from sleep. He was a big man, over six feet, and more than two hundred pounds with a sort of flabby roundness. He did not mind this, he said he was contemptuous of the impression he made; except that his (turn page)

“It has been recorded that elephants mate once every seven years.”



Heidi is having a feast for your eyes on pages 30-35